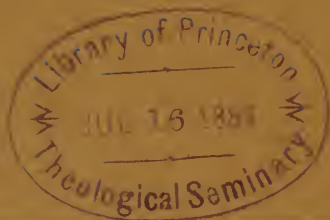


DEACONESSES.

BIBLICAL,
EARLY CHURCH.

EUROPEAN.
AMERICAN.

By LUCY RIDER MEYER.



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1922.

Deaconesses, Biblical, early
church European American







VISITING DEACONESSES.

FROM THE CHICAGO HOME.

"For Jesus' Sake."

DEACONESSSES,

BIBLICAL, EARLY CHURCH, EUROPEAN,
AMERICAN,

—WITH—

THE STORY OF THE CHICAGO TRAINING SCHOOL,
FOR CITY, HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONS,

—AND—

THE CHICAGO DEACONESS HOME.

By LUCY RIDER MEYER.

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LUCY RIDER MEYER.

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION.

"I believed"—

That people wanted to know about Deaconesses,
That the Cause I love would be advanced,
That especially, strong and earnest young women
might be induced to enter this most self-sacrific-
ing, yet most attractive work,
That God would be glorified,

—"Therefore have I spoken."

Ps. CXVI : 10.

MISS WILLARD'S INTRODUCTION.

Wendell Phillips had a famous lecture on "the Lost Arts" but in it did not include that greatest of lost arts in the religious world—viz: the work of Deaconesses. That the Church could ever have fallen away from an application of Christianity so helpful, comforting and blessed, having enjoyed it once, furnishes proof sadly significant of the human alloy that so grievously (dis)tempers its gold.

No action more fully freighted with hope for humanity gilds the sunset glories of the Nineteenth Century, than the re-establishment of the order of Deaconesses in almost every branch of the Church Universal.

She spoke of justice, truth and love,
How soft her words distilled;
She spoke of God and all the place
Was with His presence filled.

Of how many a sweet soul within our borders those words are true! What hindereth that they be set apart with every guarantee and safeguard that can emphasize their gospel ministry? What a practical element these Deaconesses would introduce into religion.

The Chicago Training School for Missionaries suggests wide possibilities to young women who would prepare themselves for the sacred ministries now open to them, and my friend, Lucy Rider Meyer, is as much raised up to pioneer the way for these, her younger sisters, as ever Phebe was to help the Church at Cenchrea.

May she be abundantly blessed in this great undertaking and may her book be a beacon light to many an earnest but perplexed young soul, is the prayer of

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

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PART I.

DEACONESSSES.

The Lord giveth the word; the women that publish the tidings are a great host.—PS. LXVIII : 11. (Revised Version.)

I commend unto you, Phœbe, our sister, a Deaconess of the Church.—ROMANS XVI : 1.



CHAPTER I.

DEACONESSSES OF THE BIBLE.

The Greek word *Diakonos*—of which the English word *Deaconess* is the translation—has at heart the meaning, *prompt and helpful service*. The foundation thought being, thus, that of help, the idea may be traced back to the second chapter of Genesis, in which woman is called by that noblest of titles, a *Help*. That we do not find women actually organized for helping, in Old Testament times, may be accounted for partly by the fact that it was not an age of organizing, but more by the complete absorption of the women and children in the family, among the Jews, as among all Oriental peoples. It was not until the time of Christ that women and children were recognized as separate and independent entities. Indeed, it was the light that Christ brought that made possible such a recognition. Before this time they were but parts, and inferior parts at that, of the husband and father. He was the unit. In almost all nations absolute power over them rested in his hands, and unquestioning submission was their highest merit. But the coming of Christ brought to light the great principle of individual rights and

individual responsibilities, and very soon we find room for legitimate exceptions to the general law of the family life. Paul, in Second Corinthians, recognizes the possibility, under conditions existing at that time, of a woman's not being in the ordinary line of family life, and very soon we find, in the machinery of the early church, which carefully utilized every particle of its power, traces of an organization for stimulating and systematizing the religious work of such women. With the recognition of woman's responsibilities came the recognition of her possibilities.

In studying the life of Christ we cannot but be impressed with the large number of ministering women mentioned. First there was the little company that gathered around our Savior, accompanied Him in His later journeys and supplied the personal wants of the One "who was rich, but for our sakes became poor." Who does not remember Joanna, the wife of Herod's steward, and the Marys—the "Mary blessed above women," His mother—Mary of Magdala—Mary, the wife of Clopas? Who does not think of Mary and Martha in the home at Bethany, and of the un-named women, whose quick and boundless hospitality kept the infant Church from scattering, and at whose hands the believers "broke bread from house to house," after the Pentecostal baptism?

In our book of apostolic church history, The Acts, we find Dorcas, Lydia and Priscilla, and Philip's four daughters. In connection with Paul's work—and Paul was the great organizer of the early church—the activity of women is constantly recognized. Phoebe and Mary and Junia are mentioned by him with affectionate regard; also Tryphena and Tryphosa, who “labored in the Lord,” Persis, who “labored much in the Lord,” and the un-named mother of Rufas, whom Paul, with beautiful courtesy, called his mother, also. All these, and others are mentioned in a single chapter. What the exact position of all these women was, our present information does not permit us to decide. The first Deaconess, called by that name, *Diakonos*, is Phoebe. Nearly all the authorities agree that the proper translation of the celebrated passage, Romans xvi:1, should be “Phoebe . . . a Deaconess,” instead of “Phoebe . . . a servant.” The revisers of the New Testament struggled with their conservatism in vain, and retained the word “servant” in the text, but they have done Phoebe the half justice of calling her what Paul called her, “Deaconess,” in the margin. Paul seems to have been less afraid that poor Phoebe would become puffed up if called by any other name than servant—a name which, beautiful enough in itself, is yet obscured by the technical meaning modern usage has given it.

Notice the cordiality with which Paul speaks of Phoebe. "I command unto thee, Phoebe, a *Diak-onon* of the church which is at Cenchrea, that ye receive her in the Lord, and that ye assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of you, for she hath been a succorer of many and of myself also." The word translated succorer—*prostatis*—corresponds to our word "president," and the veriest tyro in the derivation of words knows that that means a fore-standing—fore-sitting man, one who sits or stands in the front of things to direct and control. Such was Phoebe in the church, and such was she among the Deaconesses of the church, for there were probably others in that church. Notice she is called not *the* Deaconess, the only one, but *a* Deaconess. The fact of her traveling, probably alone, and of her being certainly the bearer of this important letter, in the journey from Cenchrea to Rome, speaks well for her character and bravery. And her business too—is it not reasonable to suppose, since the church is urged to help her on with it, that it was church business? Cenchrea was a suburb of the great City of Corinth, one of its two ports, and was filled with rough sailors, very different in its social character from the wealthy and luxurious city near. We should call it a mission field in our days. But Christianity, true to its mission, plants a church here as well as in Corinth, and in

that church the ministry of woman is specially prominent. How reasonable and full of common sense!

Let us now turn our attention to the women spoken of in Paul's first Epistle to Timothy, the third chapter. In the first of this chapter, to the fourteenth verse, Paul is describing the general character that should pertain to Bishops and Deacons. The eleventh verse in our common version reads, "Even so must their wives [Deacon's wives, presumably], be grave," etc., but any careful student will be struck with the fact that the *their* is in italics. It was supplied by the translators. The Greek word here is *gunē*—woman. It might mean wife, but not necessarily or even primarily so. The Revised Version puts a new phase on the matter by rendering the words: "Women in like manner must be grave," etc. There is no intimation that the women spoken of are the feminine complements of the Deacons, their wives; on the contrary, there is strong reason to believe that they are the feminine counterparts of Deacons, Deaconesses. The same introductory adverb, *hosautos*, ushers in the description of both classes, the "Deacons" of verse eight, and the "women" of verse eleven. The force of this coincidence is quite lost in the authorized version. In verse eight it is translated: "*Likewise* the Deacons." In verse eleven, "*Even so* their wives." Moreover, if they were only women in pri-

vate life, why are they mentioned at all, and why is their character pictured here with that of the Bishops and Deacons? For that matter why are not the wives of the Bishops exhorted as well as the wives of Deacons? Chrysostum says of this passage, it means not women in general, but Deaconesses. Jerome translates it "*mulieres similiter*"—similar women, and Wycliffe, a thousand years later, translated it quaintly: "Also it bihoveth *wymmen* to be chaste," etc.* The more we study this passage, the more sure we may be they were not ordinary private women, but *the* women of the church, in which case all is plain. Paul, in giving the character of the Deacons, would next most naturally speak of the Deaconesses. We have a use of words very similar to this in that curious bit of ecclesiastical legislation among the Puritans in the sixteenth century: "By Deacons of both sorts, viz.: Men and women, shall the church be admonished."

Whether the widows, mentioned in the fifth chapter ninth verse of this same letter to Timothy, were Deaconesses or not, we cannot fully decide. The marginal note attached to the following verse, twelfth,—preferred by the American revisers—would seem to indicate it. According to this reading, these women are spoken of as possibly having condemnation, because they rejected their "first pledge," in-

*Quoted by J. M. Ludlow.

stead of their "first faith." It seems reasonable to me, that they were women having official position in the church, and that there ought to be a decided break between the eighth and ninth verses—for one can hardly believe that these widows were the same as those mentioned in the verses above, evidently supported by the church. Surely a widow might have been entitled to support in the Christian church whether she had "brought up children" or not; also whether she were three score years old or not, if only she was destitute and needed help. But the widows to be "taken into the number," are limited by restrictions most unlikely to occur in a person now to be supported by charity. She must have been the wife of one man, "well reported of for good works," and having used hospitality to strangers, implying a home and considerable riches. She must have "washed the saint's feet," a mark of gracious condescension on the part of one of high estate. Moreover, she must have brought up children. How unlikely that an aged woman of this description should now be without money, children or "nephews," or "any man or woman that believeth," to support her.* It is exactly such women, however, who were at first deemed eligible to the diakonate. The custom of the church in the second and third centuries, when the Order was well known, makes this

*Dr. A. T. McGill, in "Deaconesses." *Presbyterian Review*, 1880.

certain, and increases the probability—where it was not expressly so stated—that the Church at least understood Paul's allusion to be to Deaconesses. The Bishops and authorities insisted at first that the age of admission be sixty years, only yielding slowly to an earlier age, first forty and then less. But some of them, notably Tertullian, vigorously condemned any deviation from the scriptural rule of sixty years and literal widowhood. This, what seems to us slavish, adherence to the text concerning literal widowhood, caused a curious anomaly among the large number of Deaconesses in the early church. There were many who had never been married, and in some places, at least, while all were called Widows, those who had never been married were given the ridiculous title of Virgin-widow. One of the causes that led to the decline of the Order, was the fact that Deaconesses were obliged to live in Widow's Homes, were forbidden to marry, and their lives became morbid and unnatural. As the obloquy attaching to marriage on the part of Deaconesses increased, less women were willing to enter the Order, and those who did, were more and more secluded by rules and vows and high walls—in short they gradually became nuns.

A curious variation of the old and valuable Arabic version,* seems also to indicate that the "number"—"Admitted to the *number*"—of verse

*Mentioned by Dr. McGill.

nine, refers to the number of Deaconesses. In that version the verse is introduced by "If a widow be chosen a Deacon." Moreover the verb *katalegesthō*, "enrolled," "taken into," means enrolled with care, picked out from a general register—hinting at a circle within a circle—Deaconess widows, selected from the general circle of widows. So says Erasmus.

By the "aged women" of Titus ii:3, Paul may, or may not have meant Deaconesses. It is worthy of notice, however, that the identical word used here, *presbutidas*, is often used by the church fathers for Deaconesses.

One cannot but greatly regret these unfortunate mistranslations—Phoebe being called a "servant," women, "wives," etc. They have undoubtedly retarded the re-establishment of this ancient Order in the church many years.

But, before leaving this subject, I wish to say that while I personally cannot resist the conviction that the Order of Deaconesses was apostolic, it is not necessary to press this point as authority for modern Deaconesses. There is doubtless some obscurity attaching to the subject, owing to the fact that the Greek words, *Diakonos*, *gunē* etc., are capable of several translations, any one of which is allowable. It is true, also, that the New Testament is exceedingly reticent as to all details of ecclesiastical organization. All we can be certain of, concerning

the order, as Dean Howson* well remarks, is that, "if Scripture is faint enough to excuse the dispensing with it, it is strong enough to authorize its removal. The burden of proof rests with the opponent, not the advocate."

But even if we were to concede that the Order actually did not exist in apostolic times, no one can doubt that the spirit of the thing is in the New Testament, in which every one, man and woman, is distinctly and earnestly commanded to "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Whoever admits that to re-establish the ancient Order of Deaconesses would facilitate the work of the Christian church, actually admits the whole question.

*Article on Deaconesses in Ed. Rev. Sept. 1860.

CHAPTER II.

DEACONESSSES OF THE EARLY CHURCH.*

The Deaconesses of the Post-Apostolic Church were an important Order. Whatever doubt there may be that the Order existed in Apostolic times, there can be none here. They are constantly mentioned by the writers of the church, and occasionally even by profane authors. Pliny, the younger, Governor of Bithynia, in his celebrated letter to the Emperor, Trajan, concerning the christians, speaks of two "handmaids" whom he calls *Ministreae*, whom he felt obliged to torture—this cultured and elegant gentleman—in the persecution which raged in Asia Minor, in his time. Pliny wrote in the year 107. John the Apostle had hardly been dead a dozen years. In reading this letter, written by an outsider, we feel that we are going back to the very times and institutions of the Apostles. Tertullian, Origin, Basil, Chrysostom, and many others frequently mention Deaconesses, calling them often by this very name, *diakonos*, or using later, the feminine form *diakonissa*. Chrysostom, the silver-

*See Schaff's Apostolic History and Church History, for satisfactory and easily accessible information on Deaconesses.

tongued, lived in the last half of the fourth century. He was much interested in this Order, and had many devoted friends among the Deaconesses. He earnestly argues for the scripturalness of the Order. Among his writings are seventeen letters addressed to Olympias, a lady of wealth and rank, who for many years was a Deaconess' in Constantinople.*

The early church, like its great Founder, reckoned the care of the poor, a religious service, and deacons were first appointed for that function, according to the graphic account in the sixth chapter of Acts. But women were secluded in many countries where Christianity was preached, and in all countries there were peculiar duties pertaining to the care of the sick and destitute, that only a women could perform. From this fact, came naturally the early appointment of female Deacons. James had said that pure religion and undefiled, before God and the Father, was this, "to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction," and this was the first work of the Deaconesses. As the organization of the church became more complicated, their duties increased. They instructed female and youthful catechumens in the doctrines of the church, and when the looked-for time came, that these catechumens were to be baptised, they rendered needed assistance at that cere-

* For extensive quotations from these letters, and much other valuable information, see article, "The diaconate in the early church," by J. M. Ludlow in *Good Words*, 1863.

mony, which was often longer and more formal than the simple baptism of the modern church. Another sad duty became theirs, when it was found that women, more easily than men, could gain access to the cells of those imprisoned for the faith, and especially those soon to receive a martyr's crown. Deaconesses are especially mentioned as visiting such, and administering to them the consolations and encouragements of the Gospel. Later we find the Deaconesses doing regular systematic church visitation, and bringing personal womanly influence to bear, in every possible way, in gaining converts.

Deaconesses were at first ordained with solemn ceremony by the laying on of the hands of the bishop, or some ecclesiastical authority. We find, however, that in later times, nearly as much of a battle raged around this question of the ordination of women, as at the present time. Some of the councils bitterly denounced it as allied to the ceremonies by which certain heathen priestesses were consecrated. Others declared that the early custom of laying on of the hands, was simply a benediction, and not for ordination. The facts probably are, that the sharp distinctions between benediction and ordination, did not exist in very early times, as they did a few centuries later, and as they do at the present time. It helps much to an understanding of the real condition of things in the early church, to

remember that the organization of the church was secondary to the life in the church, and that sharp lines and distinctions were not necessary in its early history. The life came first, the form afterwards.

A form of prayer to be used at the ordination of Deaconesses, has come to us, in the Apostolic Constitutions, a most interesting document, which while it by no means dates back to the days of the apostles, as its name would indicate, does certainly give us a very interesting picture of the church in the second or third century. This book contains church laws and usages, together with moral exhortations, and in the last part a liturgy, in which occurs the prayer, which is said to be given by Saint Bartholomew. We quote introduction as well as prayer.

“Touching the Deaconess, I, Bartholomew, do thus ordain. O Bishop, thou shalt lay on her thy hands in the presence of the Deacons and Deaconesses, and thou shalt say:—

‘O, eternal God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, creator both of man and woman, who didst fill with thy holy spirit Mary, Deborah, Anna, and Huldah, who didst not disdain that thy only begotten Son should be born of a woman, who also in the tabernacle, the testimony, and the temple, didst appoint woman as keepers of thy holy gate, look now on this thy handmaid here set apart for the office of a Deaconess. Give unto her thy holy spirit. Cleanse her from all impurity of the flesh and of the spirit. Accomplish the task committed unto her to

the glory and praise of thy Christ, with whom to Thee and the Holy Spirit, be glory and worship for ever and ever, amen.'"

Prof. C. F. Bradley suggests that when an ordination form—or if this offend, a benediction form—shall again be needed for Deaconesses, this ancient prayer be made a part of it. Nothing could be more appropriate, with perhaps the omission of a single sentence, and nothing, certainly, can be of greater historical interest.

It is interesting to learn that a great multitude of women, were early found pressing their way into the ranks of the Deaconesses. Even women of wealth and noble rank are mentioned as applicants to the Order, and it is impossible to estimate the influence they had in gathering converts. In speaking of the work of protestant sisters, a work recently consulted, very naively says, "Forty soldiers were confirmed within a few weeks, a direct result of the labor of two or three Sisters." What an illustration this, of the value of woman's personal influence, and how astonishing it is, that for so long a time this immense power has been so largely ignored in religious work.

A single large church in Constantinople, had at one time forty Deaconesses pushing its work, and a smaller church in the same city, had six of these assistants. We are always amazed at the rapid

growth of the early church. Beginning with a handful of unlearned and persecuted men, in three centuries it spread through the civilized world, had active missionary agencies in many remote lands, and had made itself the dominant power in the world by climbing, in the person of Constantine, to the throne of the Cæsars. May not the explanation of this astonishingly rapid growth be found, partly, at least, in this multitude of devoted christian women, who as *ministrae* worked side by side with the *ministers* of the gospel; spreading the story of Jesus Christ and Him crucified, as only women's heart of love and tongue of enthusiasm can do it? Suppose a large church in Chicago, had forty Deaconesses earnestly pushing its work on every side? Suppose every church in Chicago was supplied with these *Ministrae* in like proportion, might we not again see the marvelous growth of the church of the first centuries in our midst? And if one asks, where shall we find the Deaconesses, the census of 1880 tells us that in the State of Massachusetts, there are sixty-six thousand more women than men. We know that it is among women that we find the largest percentage of the earnestly religious. If the Order and work of Deaconesses were only once *popularized*, how many of these women might enter this Order and do this work—a blessing to themselves and all around them.

From the time of Constantine down, the Order declined, doubtless because of the spirit of monasticism, which invaded the church. The Eastern or Greek church was not so early affected by this spirit, as was the Western or Latin, and we are therefore not surprised to find, that while in the Western church the Order became extinct in the sixth century, in the Eastern it lingered until the twelfth. But before this time, the Dark Ages had fallen over the world. How much of that darkness was caused by the lack of women's God-given work, we may only conjecture. It cannot have been little.

CHAPTER III.

DEACONESSSES OF THE TIME OF THE REFORMATION.

With the new life of the Reformation, came an earnest effort to again systematize and utilize women's work, by re-establishing Deaconesses in the church. In the Bohemian and Anabaptist Churches they arose informally; and in the Netherlands, special legislation in their favor was nearly effected. The tide turned, however, and in 1581 they were formally disapproved, it being declared that all the charitable work of the church ought to be performed by the Deacons, and that in case of sickness or other emergency in which the Deacons could not personally do the work, they must attend to it through "their wives or others whose services it might be proper to engage." In a Puritan Church in Amsterdam, we find an "ancient widow" acting as Deaconess, as late as 1606. Gov. Bradford gives the following lively portrait of this Dutch Deaconess:

"She honored her place and was an ornament to the congregation. She usually sat in a convenient place in the congregation with a little birchen rod in her hand and kept the children in

great awe from disturbing the congregation. She did frequently visit the sick and weak, especially women, and as there was need, called out maids and young women to watch and to do them other helps as their necessity did require; and if they were poor she would gather relief for them of those that were able, or acquaint the Deacons; and she was obeyed as a mother in Israel and an officer of Christ."

This ancient dame was sixty when elected, but she did efficient service for many years. In England, also, the Puritans heartily and naturally recognized Deaconesses. A curious church document dated, 1575, has come down to us, in which occurs the phrase: "By Deacons of both sorts, viz., men and women, the church shall be admonished," etc. The one sort, however, seems to have been few and far between. They left no permanent record, or impression upon the church.

The social status of women at this time doubtless abundantly explains the failure of the effort to re-establish again this ancient Order. Woman was generally regarded as very inferior, notwithstanding some brilliant exceptions. That she should be able to even read was neither expected nor desired. It would have been strange if she had been given, under these conditions, an equal position of honor with her brethren in the church, even though this position was more than hinted at in the Apostolic Church, and was well known to have existed in the

church of the first centuries. And the fact that there is a strong movement in the church at the present time toward re-establishing women in the office which she held with honor and profit at the first, is a strong illustration, not only of the true emancipation of women in the nineteenth century, but also of the full though informal recognition of her true place, and the value of her work, in the early church.

CHAPTER IV.

DEACONESSSES OF MODERN EUROPE.

It is to be doubted whether any man who has lived in Germany in this century, has had so great an influence as Theodore Fliedner, and it is not to be doubted that no man has had so beneficent an influence as he. To him belongs the honor of having brought again into existence, after a thousand years of oblivion, the primitive Order of Deaconesses. He earnestly believed in the scripturalness of the order, perceiving, as Neander says, that women have "a special gift for service;" he was greatly impressed with the need in Germany for woman's benevolent work, and these convictions worked out gradually into the Kaiserwerth Deaconess system. Fliedner is described as a very good man. Nobody calls him great, but he must have been great in faith. He was born in 1800. When twenty-two years of age, he was sent to the little Roman Catholic village of Kaiserwerth as pastor of a small Protestant congregation under the auspices of the Evangelical Prussian, the old Lutheran, Church. Circumstances occurred very soon which rendered his work there seemingly hopeless.

He was offered another charge, but as he says he "could not reconcile it with his duty to leave his flock," many of whom were without means of support, owing to the failure of factories which had before given them employment. He undertook, in behalf of his little church and parochial school, a begging tour through Holland, and even to England, and returned, having met with considerable success. But the greatest value of this journey was not the financial one. While in England he became interested in the practical, philanthropic work in prisons and work-houses, at whose head was that wonderful woman, Elizabeth Fry. To use his own words again, he was "filled with deep shame that in faith and love, English women surpassed German women." His first philanthropic effort was to alleviate the condition of convicts in the prisons near, preaching to them and informing himself as to their condition and needs. In a short time his work, and the statistics which he carefully procured concerning the condition of prisons in Prussia, attracted the attention of the Government, and soon State Chaplains were appointed, and other reformatory measures were introduced. A few years later he revisited England, this time meeting Mrs. Fry in person, and also Dr. Chalmers. During this visit probably culminated the spiritual experience toward which he had been tending for years. He recog-

nized the dead formalism of the Prussian Church, which could never satisfy the desires of his soul. He sought an actual heart acquaintance with God, and found it. From Scotland he writes "The Lord greatly quickens me." Returning to Germany he endeavored to interest people in opening a refuge for discharged female convicts. He found not a single supporter except his wife, but strong in her assistance, and in faith and love, he declared such a refuge opened at his own home in Kaiserwerth. This was in 1833. Soon the first woman came, and he extemporized a lodging for her in his garden-house, for lack of a better place. This little garden-house, only twelve feet square, where poor "Minna" was received and tenderly cared for by Frau Fliedner, is still shown by the sisters with affectionate interest to interested visitors. The next year it became too small for the discharged prisoners who sought his help, and a larger place was secured, the expenses being met by voluntary contributions. But a "good girl" from Fliedner's church volunteering her services, a knitting school was started in the garden house for the little children of the town. In a few years this grew to the infant school which at present forms a leading feature of the Kaiserwerth work.

Such was the simple beginning of a great system of reformatories, hospitals and schools. At first his wife, the first Mrs. Fliedner, took charge,

caring for both body and soul, but she was a woman with family cares, and while she always acted a most important part, hardly inferior indeed to that of Fliedner himself, the urgent necessity for other and technically trained workers, especially for the sick, forced itself upon their minds.

A little society or "Committee" was formed, called the "Rhenish Westphalian Society," of which Fliedner was the Secretary and the soul. This society at once purchased a large house. Moving his family into the lower story, Fliedner opened it as a hospital in 1836. He had no patients and no nurses. His furniture was, "a table, some chairs with unsound legs, some damaged knives and forks, and a few old worm-eaten bedsteads." In a little while his first nurse came, or rather the first woman who was willing to take the nurse's training; and soon after came the first patient, a Roman Catholic servant girl. Fliedner's work was bitterly opposed by faithless Protestants and bigoted Romanists, but it grew apace. There was a very urgent demand for trained nurses, both among the rich and the poor, and in a short time the excellence of the work of the simple-hearted, devoted Kaiserwerth Deaconesses caused them to be sent for, far and near. The king and queen became patrons of the institution, and money poured in upon it. Schools and reformatories were opened, orphanages, lunatic asylums,

and servant girls' training schools. A farm was added, a drug store, bakeries, and bath houses, and all the *etceteras* of an immense establishment.

The Kaiserwerth Deaconesses are largely drawn from the humbler and lower class of German women. They serve a probation of from three months to two or three years, and are afterwards received, promising to remain five years at a time. There is nothing rigid, however, about this promise, and it is understood that urgent family calls shall take precedence of it. Fliedner made much of the family, and strove so far as possible, to introduce the family feeling into his own home. The good man died in 1864, but his excellent wife and his son-in-law retained, uninterrupted, the customs and spirit of the house. The birthday of every member is carefully recorded, and always observed in some delicate, but inexpensive way. Fliedner's religious experience while in England guarded him against ritualistic forms, but a beautifully arranged manual of Bible readings, and a special collection of hymns, are used in all the home services, and serve to keep alive this family feeling, no matter how widely the Deaconesses may be scattered.

Fliedner made much, also, of the beautiful thought that his workers were to be true *ministrae*—the name given to the old Latin Deaconesses—a thought somewhat obscured, by the modern techni-

cal use of the word minister. "We must be servants in a three fold way," he taught his workers. "Servants of the Lord Jesus, servants of the sick and poor for Jesus' sake, and servants to each other."

The income of the Home is about \$1,000,000 yearly. A great deal of money comes to the institution from the families of the rich, where the Deaconesses serve as nurses or teachers. Collections are also taken up for them in various ways, and in many churches. They also have many wealthy patrons, among whom are men and women of rank and position, and from these come both regular and occasional sums of money. They receive also a large number of very small donations from friends all over the world, and carry on a small publishing House that incidentally yields some help. The Deaconesses are personally supported from the Home, no one being allowed to receive compensation for herself. She is sure, however, of clothing and food, congenial companionship and a quiet and pleasant home in case of sickness or old age. One of the most interesting institutions connected with the work is the beautiful Home for worn-out Deaconesses, at Salem, a lovely country town near. Here amid the beauties of nature, and comfortable surroundings, these women spend the evening of their life doing only what they are well able to do, and freed from the cares and anxieties that render

unhappy the closing years of so many lives.* The symbol of the Kaiserwerth Deaconesses is a dove, and one of the frescoes in the house at Salem, is a beautiful painting of Christ, with outstretched hands, welcoming the weary dove who flies with drooping wings to his bosom.

A High Churchman would insist that the Kaiserwerth Deaconesses are not ordained, since the institution has no organic connection with the Prussian church. But there is a simple and impressive form of service used when they are consecrated to the work, and in connection with this there is an imposition of hands, though no one cares to contest that this imposition of hands is anything more than a hand of blessing, symbolizing the baptism of the Holy Ghost, which it is prayed may rest upon them for their work. Such, no doubt, was the first, Scriptural, object-lesson meaning of the symbol.

But the direct work of the Kaiserwerth Deaconesses is by no means confined to Kaiserwerth. There are at present, about twenty-five "affiliated houses," scattered over not only Germany, but Italy, England, Asia Minor, Syria, Northern Africa, and even America; and besides these are many "stations," where the work is carried on in a small way. These affiliated houses are managed by the

*This retreat is called the "Feier-Abend Hause"—House of Evening Holiday Rest.

Kaiserwerth Deaconesses, and whatever property they have is held by the Rhenish-Westphalian Society. The Deaconesses are constantly sent for, moreover, for single parishes and private families; the demand far exceeding the supply. But, no matter how widely they are scattered, they are Kaiserwerth Deaconesses still, provided with clothing and pocket-money from the "Mother-house," wearing the blue uniform, observing the stated hours of prayer and reading the stated Bible selections, and—most comforting of all—looking back to Kaiserwerth as their real home, where a loving shelter awaits them in sickness or old age.

But, greater almost than the direct influence which has emanated from Kaiserwerth, is the indirect influence. Apart from what Florence Nightingale and Agnes Jones learned of Pastor Fliedner, for England—for they both studied there—a large number of independent, but friendly, Deaconess Establishments have been started in Europe, due largely to the stimulus of the Kaiserwerth example. Rev. Antoine Vermeil founded the Mother-house at Paris, in 1841, which, in turn, has its affiliated houses and stations. The next year, Pastor Härter, a warm friend of Fliedner's, founded the Mother-house at Strasburg, and very soon afterward Pastor Germond founded the St. Loup Mother-House in

Switzerland. Other important institutions are at Riehen near Basle, and at Zurich.

Most interesting, however, in view of the general interest in the Deaconess movement in the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, is the Deaconess Institution of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Germany. This was established in 1874, and has at present about one hundred Deaconesses working under its auspices. Dr. A. Sultzberger, who has been a member of the Board from the first, gives us the following information concerning these institutions:

"We began this work with three Deaconesses. We had very little means, about \$30. We now have stations at Frankfort, Berlin, Hamburg, Zurich and St. Gallen. Our nurses enjoy the confidence and sympathy of physicians. Our homes are under the direction of an Inspector, who is elected annually by the Board, and the Chief Sisters. They receive the Deaconesses, on trial, and in full connection, plan their employment, vacations, etc. The Executive Committee oversees the work of the Inspector and the Chief Sisters, audits accounts, etc. The Inspector is a member of our Conference. A large gift has been received lately from a lady who was under the care of one of our Deaconesses, out of which we are building a home for recreation, near Frankfort for the Deaconesses. The whole work is entirely self-supporting and independent of the Conference, but it enjoys its sympathy and moral support."

The Methodist Episcopal Church is not strong in Germany, but the work of these women has already proved itself very valuable, and their number is rapidly increasing. It is pleasant to know that not only the Church but the Government and the public generally, recognize the value of this Deaconess work, and that both steam and street-cars are free to them.

All these Deaconess' institutions are modeled largely after the pioneer establishment at Kaiserwerth, but they differ in minor matters. Kaiserwerth trains both nursing Deaconesses and instructing Deaconesses; so does Paris. But at Strasburg, St. Loup, Basle and many of the smaller establishments, only nurses are trained. From some of the Houses goes out a very strong Foreign Missionary influence, and many Deaconesses go to heathen and Mohammedan countries in their charitable work. The uniform is not the same in all places. Kaiserwerth adopted a dark blue, to distinguish the Deaconesses from the Roman Catholic Nuns. In Paris the Deaconesses dress in black. At St. Loup, the brown dress of the Deaconess inspires confidence. The Methodist Episcopal Deaconesses in Germany wear black, as do the Mildmay Sisters, yet to be described. There is absolute uniformity, however, as to support. All Deaconesses work for "Jesus' sake," and receive no salary, content with such sup-

port as may be furnished them from the Mother House, and a small stipulated sum of pocket-money, month by month. There are many advantages in this plan. It relieves them absolutely from anxiety concerning temporal matters. There is no haggling for higher wages, no thought taken for food or raiment. So far as possible, the heart of the worker is made—

At leisure from itself

To soothe and sympathise.

About twenty-five years ago, several Deaconess' institutions were started in England. They were mostly patterned after Kaiserwerth, even those which were under the care of the Episcopal church. Among them was the celebrated Deaconess' House which was founded by Rev. Wm. Pennyfather, a pastor in the Established Church, but with marked low church sentiments. The work is unsectarian, and has been greatly prospered. Its central building, the Deaconess' House proper, has at present, about one hundred Deaconesses. Its Nursing House and hospitals are doing a work recognized everywhere, for their thoroughness and beneficence. Its Probation House receives all new-comers. The latest outgrowth, a Training House for home and foreign missions is meeting a deeply felt want, and at least one large foreign missionary society in England, requires that all its missionaries receive the training given here. The Mildmay Deaconesses number

among them many English women of rank and wealth, not only self supporting, but contributing to the income of the Home; as well as others of humbler social position. They are all one in work, as they are one in Jesus Christ. They wear a plainly made black gown, with wide white collar and cuffs. Like their German sisters, they receive no salary. The Home is supported from various sources, voluntary contributions, and whatever earnings may come to the sisters. The exquisitely designed and tinted scripture holiday and birthday cards, coming from one or two specially gifted Deaconesses, are well known, and have proved a source of considerable income to the establishment. The Mildmay work is very vigorous, as is the somewhat smaller unsectarian Deaconess' Home in North London, established in 1867, and largely under the patronage of the Morley family. This cannot be said of the Deaconess Homes which are directly under the care of the church of England. Their number has been increased to eight or ten, but, to use the words of an eminent authority in that church, they have only "lingered on," while the Sisterhoods of the church, some of which have been in existence since 1847, have rapidly multiplied.

These Sisterhoods, of which there are at present about twenty-five, undertake to some extent the work performed in Germany by some of the Dea-

conesses, but their general tendency is so strongly Romanistic, that they hardly have the confidence of their own denomination.

It will be seen from the preceding pages, that the work of Deaconesses has thus been tried in Europe for over half a century. Its general success has been very remarkable, and the direction it has given to the religious work of woman, has marked not only an era in her history, but also in that of the Church universal.

CHAPTER V.

DEACONESSSES OF AMERICA.*

In 1849, Pastor Fliedner, in response to repeated and urgent solicitations, detailed two Deaconesses to Pittsburg, Pa., to establish a Mother-house in connection with the German hospital in that city. The good man himself accompanied them, and the work was established under most favorable auspices; it has not, however, been prosperous, the number of Sisters diminishing rather than increasing. Within a few years, however, another organization has been formed in the Evangelical Lutheran Church, with headquarters at Philadelphia. Beginning with few deaconesses, the number has increased to thirty. Their work at present is largely nursing, but as their number increases, all departments of missionary work are to be undertaken. A munificent gift from Mary J. Drexel has enabled the society to build a beautiful and capacious Mother house of Deaconesses in Philadelphia. Another Lutheran House is being established in Omaha, where Swedish work principally will be undertaken. This work is in con-

* Further information will be given as shall be possible, if this book should be so fortunate as to reach a second edition.

nection with, and is recognized by the General Conference of Deaconess Mother houses in Germany.*

I have found it exceedingly difficult to obtain information as to the Deaconesses of the Episcopal Church. There are many sisterhoods in America under the auspices of that Church, and the sisters are undertaking much of practical religious work, in hospital wards especially. Old St. Luke's Hospital, in New York City, has been under the care of the Sisterhood of the Holy Communion since 1858. In a list of Sisterhoods, given by Bishop Potter, we find mention of two Deaconess establishments as early as 1872, one in Baltimore and the other in Brooklyn. No essential difference is made by this authority between deaconesses and sisters.

Deaconesses were formally recognized and authorized by an action of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in May, 1888.† Very great interest has developed as to the possibilities of the work of Deaconesses in that denomination. Besides the Home in Chicago,‡ which had been in existence nearly a year before the General Conference action, but which was greatly helped by it, the Elizabeth Gamble Deaconess Home has been estab-

* We are indebted to Rev. A. Spaeth, D. D., of Philadelphia, for the above.

† See page 126

‡ For full account of the Chicago Deaconess Home, see

PART III.

lished in Cincinnati. The Home was dedicated December 20, 1888, and the work is under the superintendence of Isabella Thoburn.*

A Home has also been established in New York under the auspices of the Board of Church Extension and City Missions, and Miss M. E. Layton is the Superintendent. Some steps toward organization are also being taken in Detroit, Jersey City, Baltimore, Minneapolis, Boston and Philadelphia. These different Homes will doubtless soon be banded together in some form of national organization.†

No resumé, however brief, of Deaconess work in America, would be complete without mention of the first Deaconess Home in India, at Calcutta; since that Home is under the direction of the American missionary, Bishop J. M. Thoburn, and his estimable wife, Dr. Anna Thoburn; and its inmates are four American ladies, who sailed with him for the work, December, 1888. An endowment has also been made of a Deaconess Home at Muttra, in India. These Homes are both Methodist Episcopal. Foreign fields offer special inducements for this method of missionary work. India, with its energetic Bishop, is taking the lead, but other lands will not be slow to follow.

* See page 154.

† See page 155.

PART II.

THE STORY OF THE CHICAGO TRAINING SCHOOL, FOR CITY, HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Behold, I have set before thee an open door.—REV. III:8.

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CHAPTER VI.

ANTICIPATION.

Some poetical friend of the double work of the Chicago Deaconess Home, and the Chicago Training School, has called these two institutions the "Lovely Hearted Twins," and perhaps the figure may be accepted, even though the one last named is almost two years older than the first. It is, at any rate, impossible to give the history of one, without telling about the other, and the first-born must, of course, have its story, outlined first.

In October, 1885, the first session of the Chicago Training School for City, Home and Foreign Missions was opened in the city that gives name to the institution. A little less than two years later—June, 1887—the Chicago Deaconess Home began its existence, as a direct outgrowth of the School.

If a few words of personal experience may be permitted, I very much want to tell how, looking back, I can see God's thought concerning me; and how, through many years wherein the pattern of my life was quite hidden, He was steadily working out His will in my preparation for my life-work. They tell us in these days of heredity talk, that a child's

education should begin a hundred years before he is born. Certain it is, that God began my preparation long before my birth, in giving me a father whose studious devotion to the Bible, was the wonder of our little country home circle; and a mother, to whose early and constant purpose of a thorough education for her daughter, I owe whatever of mental culture I may have. Born and trained in a christian home in the pure and quiet country, I was converted when thirteen years old. But I learned to love the Bible long before that time. It was a custom of my father's, to gather his whole large family about him of a winter evening, or a Sunday afternoon, and ask us questions concerning various Bible characters or events. I used to sit, one of that circle, in the great farm-house kitchen, in Vermont, watching for my turn, and answering or missing, as the case might be, the questions concerning Moses and David and Paul. And with these Bible *quizzes*—to borrow a medical term—my father used to tell us the Bible stories. No stories will ever thrill me again like the stories heard from my father's lips, in that same old wide-roomed farm house.

Among my most vivid memories, is that of the tragic story of the Israelites crossing the Red Sea with the enraged Egyptians behind them. My father illustrated with his finger on the narrow-boarded black-oak floor, and because the outline of

the Red Sea that he drew there was very small, and because I had not the slightest idea that the words "Israelites" and "Egyptians" represented men and nations, and because also I had never seen any creatures walking one after another in regular order excepting the little black and red ants marching solemnly along on the fence rails or up the trunks of the cherry trees, I seriously, and most devoutly believed that these creatures marching one after another, as my father pictured, were tribes of ants, one black and the other red! Nevertheless I think I even then fully understood the spiritual meaning of the story, the power of God, and His care for His chosen ones; and as in our dreams in later years, we lose sight of the incongruous, so to my childish mind, all was very simple and appropriate. But I must not linger over these reminiscences.

Conversion to my childish mind, meant "coming to Jesus" simply and naturally at the invitation of my Sunday-school teacher. I now began to read the Bible thorough in course, glancing over a chapter at night before my evening prayer, as I knew other Christians were in the habit of doing. It is a curious and instructive thing for me to look back to those spring-time years, and see how implicitly in many things I followed the example of other Christians. My mother spoke in class-meet-

ing and I spoke in class-meeting. My big sisters went literally into their closets to pray, and I went into my closet to pray. My life was a happy one. Why should it not have been? However, notwithstanding the example of my father, I can not remember that I ever really *studied* the Bible, for many years after my conversion. Neither was I actively engaged in any Christian work. I hardly thought of it as proper. My pastor talked about religion, of course, and so did my saintly Sunday-school teacher, but no young person like myself.

There came a later winter in my life, when all my plans were frustrated, and my future was a blank. I gathered a little class of young men, however, and began teaching them in Sunday-school the best I could. It was only a step from this to preparing Bible Readings for them, and only a step more to writing Bible lessons for children, which came to be accepted and paid for by the Sunday-school papers. But all this required Bible study, and so in the good providence of God I was compelled to study the Bible. What other folks might or might not do, according to inclination or conscience, I had to do for my bread and butter. That is, my private object was bread and butter, but God's object was to train me to be a teacher—a teacher of the Bible. I remember that one year I wrote about four thousand questions on the Sunday-

school lessons of the year. God was giving me the details of apprentice work. Then He gave me a drill on Normal Methods, in one of the best secular normal schools in Illinois, and finally sent me out into the field as an employee of the Illinois State Sunday-school Association. In this work it was my duty to attend County Conventions and other Sunday-school gatherings; and there was no kind of detail or general work, it seems to me, that did not at times fall to my lot. My program work was to give Bible and Normal lessons, and conduct children's meetings, and this was an invaluable drill, but I remember once arbitrating between two angry men. God was giving me lessons in managing human nature. On another occasion I arrived in a town, an utter stranger, to find every hotel filled, and to be turned from the door of the pastor at eleven o'clock at night. I found a lodging, at last, in a terrible bed over a saloon, and was aroused during the night by the drunken brawls in the room below. God was making me understand what it was, not to have a place to lay my head. In a thousand ways, of grateful interest to me to remember, God tried to prepare me for the work of my life. I ought to be a good teacher to judge by the infinite thoughtfulness of my Divine Tutor, and when I am forced to confess, even with these years of training, to such weakness and imperfection, I am constrained

to exclaim, "What should I have been but for God's special pains-taking with me!"

During the three or four years of my travelling Sunday-school work in Illinois and other States, I became greatly impressed with the astonishing, and to me alarming ignorance of the Bible on the part of our Church people, Sunday-school teachers, and Christian workers. My own knowledge of the word of God was superficial enough, but when I saw people looking for Jude in the Old Testament, or for one of the minor prophets in the New, I realized the great need of more thorough and comprehensive Bible study on the part of those who were, or might become religious teachers.

The winter of 1884-5, was spent as Bible teacher in the Young Ladies' Seminary in Northfield, Mass. I was just leaving the Sunday School work, and my mind was full of a Bible normal school of some kind. Considerable interest was manifested at that time, in the establishment of a Bible training school in Chicago, and I seized eagerly upon the idea as the fulfilment of my ardent desire. It seemed to me that the plan must succeed, I had no doubt that it would, and when the conviction was forced upon me that the movement would not crystalize into a definite work of the kind which I desired, at least for some years, the blow was a crushing one. It had seemed to me to be the one possible opening for

such an institution, and its failure to develop just as I had planned, was an intense personal disappointment. Yet even then I could not give it all up. The idea of some movement of the kind grew upon me daily. It colored my dreams, and mingled in my prayers. I wrote letters to every one that I thought would be interested in the plan, and spun articles about it out of my brain, both real and fictitious for all the papers that I thought would publish them. Anything to get people to thinking about the matter. The Sunday School Times was laid under contribution in this way, as well, as the Advocates.

Before returning west, I visited New York, city and poured my story into the ear of Chaplain and Mrs. McCabe, with whom fortunately I had some acquaintance. I was greatly cheered by their sympathy and encouragement. Mrs. McCabe took me in her carriage to visit several ladies that she thought might be interested. The plan of the school was quite matured by this time in my own mind, and I volubly explained it to these ladies, watching the result in their faces and words. I remember one dear lady, quite a leader in one of the Missionary Societies, who listened with patience until I announced that ladies were to be trained in it for both the Home and the Foreign Missionary work, and that both Societies were to be represented

in it. At this point she interrupted me with a gesture of absolute impossibility. "My dear," she said, in tones, the rising inflection of which expressed final decision, "that idea alone," and here the inflection was downward, "proves the absolute impracticability of the plan!" The same dear lady handed me, a little more than a year later, the first of her contributions toward the school, a check for \$25. She has been a valuable friend ever since.

I had by this time discovered, to my intense satisfaction, that others were thinking of, and desiring similar Schools. Dr. M. M. Parkhurst, of Chicago, and the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. Church, were talking about a Missionary College, with returned missionaries,—physicians and others—as the only teachers and candidates for foreign missionary service only as pupils. The ladies of the then newly organized Woman's Home Missionary Society, were also planning for a school for their workers, more especially in the lines of domestic economy. The sympathy and encouragement I received from these friends, fanned my interest. More than ever did I believe that the time was ripe for a movement of some kind. One of the great obstacles, perhaps indeed the very greatest, was the question that continually met me, "How about the expenses of the school? Who would be responsible for the living

expenses?" And when I demonstrated with paper and pencil, that a very moderate sum paid by the students weekly for board, would cover all these expenses, the other harder question was, "But who will pay the salaries of the teachers?"—a question I could not answer. My private expectation was that the need of the school was so great, that friends would certainly volunteer to pay what salaries might be needed. But no such offers were made, and this seemingly insurmountable barrier still remained. I was at that time receiving a much larger salary than women are usually paid, and as the burden increased on my heart for the school, the thought very naturally came to me, that I might work for less;—and next that I would do so, if God would only open the way for the establishment of the school. I remember planning in my own mind, that the proper amount for me to take, would be about two-thirds of what I was then receiving. But as the time passed on, and nobody was found ready to pay even the two-thirds, I concluded that it would be easier for me to work for one-third, than not to have the school opened; so I decided I would take one-third—still a very comfortable sum. But the one-third was no more forthcoming, than the whole had been. Finally the question faced me squarely, would I volunteer my services, to the school, whatever they might be worth, provided it could be opened in the other

way; and it was not until I answered this question in the affirmative, that the first actual move towards solving the problem of how to open the school was made. This move came by the active interest of Rev. T. P. Marsh, D. D. Dr. Marsh knew the great "concern of mind" I had about the enterprise, and being secretary of the Chicago M. E. Preachers' Meeting, he urged through that honorable body an invitation for me to present a paper, on the subject of a Training School. This was the entering wedge, without which I do not see how the school could ever have been opened.

I want to emphasize right here that this no-salary peculiarity of the work in the Training School and Deaconess Home, was thus of the Lord's planning, and not of mine. Most persons who go into a so-called "faith work," not receiving a stated salary, do so voluntarily. In such cases, it seems to me that the faith and self-sacrifice of the workers is really worthy of remark. In my case it was quite different. I feel sure there was no special faith on my part. I remember distinctly that it did not occur to me at all as a sacrifice, and does not at the present time. The simple fact is it was the easier of two things for me to choose. I did not plan to work without salary, but the question was, this way or none, since there was absolutely no fund whatever, from which to draw for anything, least of all

for teachers' salaries. The burden on my heart was so great, and the relief so marked when the prospects brightened for the opening of the school, that the salary question dropped into the infinitesimals, not worthy to be considered for a moment. Moreover I knew that Mr. Meyer would be earning a salary upon which we could depend for our living. And indeed, this was the case at the first, but as the work of the school increased, and the business part became more complicated, we found it absolutely necessary that another person take hold of that department of the work. In this way the "call" came to my husband, and he gave up his outside religious work, to take up this. But the Lord had so prepared us for it, that there was very little of struggle, and very little need of faith in connection with its unsalaried peculiarity. The work of the School and Home is not often called a faith work, indeed it differs very much from most of the so-called faith institutions of the country, in some of its methods. But aside from this difference, I always shrink from the name, at least in so far as *my* faith is concerned for if the School had depended upon that, it would never have existed. I do not remember any peculiar spiritual exercises over it, except that I could not let it alone. A great burden lay on my heart day and night for it. But I do remember distinctly the alternations of hope and

fear in my heart during those long months. Sometimes I quite despaired, and at other times my enthusiasm knew no bounds. Knowing as I do, the inside history of my heart, and how weak and "wavering" my faith was notwithstanding the warning of James, is it any wonder that I shrink from the distinctive appellation of a "faith work?" The School and Home are to me rather necessity-works or prayer-works. Frances Ridley Havergal says, most sweetly, "Those who trust Him wholly, find Him wholly true," but thank God the limit of His trueness, is not set by our faithfulness. J. Hudson Taylor says, with deeper insight, "Whether we trust Him wholly or not, we find Him wholly true."

Very wonderful, also, was Mr. Meyer's unconscious preparation for our work. Converted before he knew it, at his godly mother's knee—that perfect ideal of conversion—securing by his own efforts a practical education, with later something of a Theological training, tried by poverty and sickness, a graduate of the "University of Adversity" when God's call to service came, it found him ready.

Amusing as well as serious incidents led finally to his giving up his mission Church, to devote his whole time to this work. When the School numbered only five or six, I undertook to keep all accounts, as a model house-wife should. It was a struggle between me and my pride, but the

accounts grew more and more mixed, and at last one headachey day, I carried the dreadful pile of account-books and dumped them unceremoniously before my astonished husband, saying most meekly, "If you will only take them and keep them, I promise never to try to keep books again as long as I live." He laughed good-naturedly, and has never had occasion to doubt my ability to keep one promise. From that day to this, all the business superintendency of the two institutions has been done by him. How glad I was that God had given him special drill in book-keeping. And when, later, the work of publishing and mailing THE MESSAGE came to be a large and complicated business, we recognized with wondering gratitude the good hand of God that, years before, had given him employment in a publishing house and kept him there till the details of the business were thoroughly mastered.

Within a few months after the Deaconess work was started, while we were still undecided as to whether we had best make nursing a branch of our work or not, a grievous and long-continued sickness came into our family. All that love and skill could do, was done for my husband's sick wife and child, but while so much of suffering still remained, the thought pressed home upon him: What are the sick doing, how are they living, and how are they dying in our great city, where, as in so many cases,

there is no love, no skill, no helping hand, no knowledge of Jesus Christ, to sustain the sinking body or give light to the departing soul? And it was while we were thus being disciplined by suffering that the Deaconess Home began its independent existence described elsewhere, and the first definite plan was made for training nurses for the sick poor. When we look back at the Providence that thus once and again opened the door and almost forced us into it, we feel like saying in the face of well-meaning friends who speak of us as the founders of the Home: "Not unto us, oh Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name be glory." Florence Nightingale says when asked for an explanation of her marvellous life, "I have worked hard, very hard, and never refused God anything." I fear the same simple, grand testimony cannot be given by me in its broadest meaning, but we have worked hard, very hard, and whatever measure of success may have come to us in our work, has come because of not refusing God.

The gathering around us of a corps of volunteer workers, has been one of the blessed earthly results of this providential peculiarity. No words can express our indebtedness to our faithful and sympathetic Board, and the Committees to whom special interests were assigned. The Lord knows the names of every one, but our Secretary, Mr.

William E. Blackstone, and our Treasurer, Mr. George D. Elderkin, of Oak Park, busy business men, have spent days and weeks and solid months in forwarding our work, to say nothing of their generous money gifts. Dr. I. N. Danforth, too, has helped us as only a man of his professional standing could, both to a good reputation with the public and in the care of our sick. All our medical work has been voluntary, and from the best physicians in the city.*

But to speak of those who have given their whole time to the work, first came Mrs. A. A. Abbott, who for two years served the school most faithfully as matron. Then Mrs. I. V. Dickinson joined the number, laboring quietly but most efficiently on *THE MESSAGE* with a faithfulness and devotion that knows no bounds, receiving callers as well. Our beautiful "Doorkeeper in the House of the Lord" she is, with "sainthood in her face," as a daily paper once said of her. Later came the Deaconesses, until at present there are connected with our work in school and Home about twenty-five, give their whole time without salary, some of them also providing for their own board and expenses. Thus the plan that we adopted for a make-shift in an emergency—rather, I may say, that we were

* Our special thanks are due to Dr. E. H. Root, Dr. F. H. Wadsworth, Dr. C. W. Earle, Dr. D. W. Graham, Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson, Dr. E. H. Heise and Mary Allen West.

forced into by God—has been wonderfully used by Him in the carrying on of the work. It has been also of practical advantage to our workers time and again, as they have been met with some taunting question as to how much they were paid for their work; they have been able to silence their opponents by a word. We know of course that the laborer is worthy of his hire, whether it be a temporal or spiritual labor, but we know also that one may give up this hire, if by so doing, a difficulty can be removed or work be better performed. Paul said: "If we sowed unto you spiritual things is it a great matter if we reaped your carnal things? *Nevertheless*, we do not use this right . . . that we may cause no hindrance to the Gospel of Christ. . . . Ye yourselves know that these hands," and we can see him showing to them his hands hardened with the toil of his tent-making trade—"ministered to my necessities."

But to return to my story. The paper I was to read at the minister's meeting, was prepared as carefully as possible. By day and night I thought and worked upon it, and its pages were saturated with prayer. June 15, 1885, finally came, and I read the address according to appointment. More interest was awakened than I had reason to expect. The brethren passed a commendatory resolution, and appointed a committee on the subject, composed of

members of the Preachers' Meeting, the Woman's Foreign, and the Woman's Home Missionary Societies. The kind ladies who were appointed on the committee without their knowledge, raised no objection to the proceeding, but a meeting was not held until the 19th of August. The friends composing this committee were finally gathered in the parlor of the Lake Bluff hotel, but not until a great deal of effort had been expended in visiting each separately, and urging all to be present. The simple fact was, that not a half dozen persons, even at that time, believed in the necessity of a school, or the practicability of the plan. The first committee meeting amounted to but little, but it was a beginning, a resolution or two was passed, and an adjourned meeting was ordered the next week. This meeting took place on the platform of the auditorium at Lake Bluff, and a goodly representation was present. I privately suspected that the large attendance was due in part to the fact that the rain was pouring down outside, and it was next to impossible to get out of the Auditorium. At any rate there was a large meeting. It occurred in the afternoon of the day that had witnessed the anniversary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society at that place, and providentially Dr. Wm. Butler had been one of the speakers at that meeting. I saw Dr. Butler privately, before the committee meeting, and en-

treated him to be present, and say whatever might be in his heart to say, as to the need of such a school for the foreign missionary service; and sure enough the dear old white-haired veteran stayed, and when the president deferentially asked his opinion of the project, he arose from his seat, and gently, but most effectively pleaded for the school. "I tell you friends," he said, "your missionaries in the foreign field need training before they go. I cannot find words to express my desire that this plan shall succeed. I believe your ladies would be much better prepared for their work after the training proposed in such an institution." The words of this man, so eminent an authority in missionary matters, produced the effect desired. I watched the look of indifference fade from the faces of the ladies, then they began to nod to each other in assent to the Doctor's words, and my heart rose. At the close of the meeting a decided resolution was passed, declaring that such a training school as that described, was urgently needed in Chicago, and advising that one be opened at once.

Dr. Parkhurst was an active mover in all these meetings, and was made, very properly, the chairman of the committee. Riding down to the city a few days after, he chanced to sit in the same car-seat with Mr. Wm. E. Blackstone, and "took the liberty," as he modestly said, to present the subject

to this gentleman. Mr. Blackstone at once became deeply interested. He was invited into the meetings of the committee, which were held in Chicago, and very soon became a leading and very valuable member of the same. Committee meetings were now held frequently, and at one of them, Aug. 28th, matters were brought to a crisis, when Mrs. L. A. Hagans offered the following: "*Resolved* that a Committee be appointed, with power to act, to immediately rent a house for the School." It was seconded, but before it was passed, realizing the responsibility of the moment, the business was suspended, and the committee resolved itself into a prayer meeting. Rising from our knees, the resolution was formally passed, and the training school was positively and definitely ordered to exist.

The next thing was to find a place in which the incipient institution should be established. After numerous experiences, only too familiar to house-hunters of any kind, the dwelling house at No. 19 Park Avenue, was selected for the rest of the year at least. The beginning of our personal experiences connected with this house came near being tragic. The agent gave us the key and sent us by mistake to look at No 21. We mounted the steps and tried the key, but the lock did not yield. We concluded that the agent had given us the wrong key, and taking a bunch from his pocket, Mr. Meyer

began trying his own keys on the obstinate lock. To our delight it yielded, but as we entered we were astonished at evidences of occupation, and overheard a lady saying in an indignant tone of voice, "Why they are coming right in!" We retreated in confusion, rang the bell, and explained as well as we could that there was a mistake.

The house being finally chosen, the sum of \$50 per month was pledged for rent. The faith of the young Committee was tested to the utmost in assuming that this sum, which seemed to us, considering our resources—or our lack of resources—simply immense. I think two and a half years later, the sum of \$12,000 for the purchase of the second lot, was assumed with much less trembling.

CHAPTER VII.

OUR "OWN HIRED HOUSE."

About the first of October, Mr. Meyer and myself moved into the house. I do not know why we chose a Saturday evening for the interesting operation of moving, but so it was. To add to the discomfort of the occasion a drizzling rain began to fall, and when we and our small personal household effects reached the place, the storm was quite severe. Mr. Meyer rode over on the express wagon with the driver, and I followed meekly along in the street cars, carrying a lamp that refused to be packed, in one hand, and a precious bottle of water in the other, in which was growing a little plant—a relic of a certain wedding, which had occurred only the spring previous. Mr. Meyer reached the house first and started out for a broom and some matches. I had a key also, and finding no one in, and the house not exactly swept and garnished when I arrived, I, too, started for a broom and some matches. We reached home about the same time and had a hearty laugh over our duplicate purchases, but both brooms and all the matches were needed before the house was properly cleaned and righted. Not much of

this, however, was done that night. We were contented to clear a very little space, over which we laid a very little rug, and this was our "parlor," in which we lived happily over Sunday.

Storm and wet and confusion and weariness—there was nothing in any or all of them to cast a shadow on our contentment. Were we not actually in the house in which our School was to be started? I remember wondering in some of those moments of exaltation, whether anything ever could make me really unhappy again.

The next week the work of preparing for the school, cleaning and furnishing, actually began in earnest, but since there were but very few pupils applying, the matter of advertising the school received our first attention. We improvised a desk out of two dry-goods boxes covered with newspapers, and hundreds of letters, and thousands of circulars were sent out from it. Miss Elizabeth E. Holding, who was afterwards to become a valuable assistant in the school, spent the first few months with us, assisting in writing. On this same desk of dry-goods boxes, we began the work on the Nickle Fund. In the paper read by me, before the Chicago Preacher's Meeting, occurred this paragraph:

"Can a Twenty-five thousand dollar Home be built out of nickles? There are one million of

women in the Methodist Episcopal church of the United States alone. Some one pleads for a penny a day from each of these women for the cause of missions. I would not ask that—365 cents every year—but five cents from each, not once a day, or once a year, but *once in a life-time*—five cents, the despised nickle that we hand out so readily for a street-car fare or the daily paper—and \$50,000, twice the amount asked for, would be in our hands for this building.

When the Tabernacle was built, thirty-four centuries ago, the people came, ‘As many as were willing-hearted, and brought bracelets and ear-rings and rings, all jewels of gold.’ ‘And they made the laver of brass of the looking-glasses of the women assembling.’* O for some such wave of heavenly willing-heartedness to sweep over Christian women to-day! If the bushels of unused jewelry belonging to the women of our church to-day the surplus, cast-off trinkets laid away in jewel-cases, if these could be brought, how quickly could the foundation of the building be laid in them! Paul’s direction was: ‘Let every one of you give.’ If every one would only give something, no matter how little! Then there would be money enough and to spare!”

Mrs. E. E. Marcy, of Evanston, an active and ingenious member of our Committee made a clipping of this, and pasted it in the front of a little blank book, intending it for her own personal use in collecting nickles for the new building. We

* Exodus xxxv : 22, and xxxviii : 8.

caught the idea at once. Mr. Meyer had a thousand copies struck off, and we pasted them in cheap little books and sent them over the country to gather the nickels. This plan brought us nearly \$3,000 for the new building, within a year.

The institution was very small, but our ambition was large. A formal meeting of our Executive Board was called in the house, while it was almost empty, for the only furniture was that possessed by us personally—only half sufficient for two or three rooms. However, we called the meeting; and a dining-table and chairs, and a set of dishes preceded the Committee by a few hours. We borrowed spoons and napkins, boiled the coffee on the little kerosene stove, the only one we had for weeks both for cooking and heating, and held our first social gathering, discussing great questions, while under our breath we asked our neighbor for a spoon with which to stir the sugar from the bottom of our coffee cups. We adjourned from the dining-room to the back parlor, over the floor of which a carpet was loosely spread. This room was elegantly furnished with hard wooden chairs and a dry-goods box desk before mentioned. A curtain of sheets hid from our view the alcove, which contained boxes and barrels almost innumerable, and quite indescribable. This committee meeting resulted in furnishing comfortably two floors of the house—quite

sufficient for the number of students expected at the opening of the school. Most of the furniture given at first came from the large-hearted members of our Board, and the friends whom they personally interested in the institution. The front parlor was devoted to classroom purposes, and its furniture consisted only of blackboard, instructor's table, and chairs—unless indeed the paint which Mr. Meyer himself put on the floor in anticipation of the hard wood floors that were to come, may be reckoned as furniture.

The school was formally opened by a lecture from Dr. P. H. McGrew, on the evening of October 20th, 1885. We had issued a great many invitations for the occasion, and I insisted that all the chairs in the house should be brought into the double parlors, in anticipation of a crowd. There were but three persons present, however, beside our own family. I was unspeakably disappointed, at the attendance; the lecture was all that could be desired. But my husband comforted me by assuring me that the only occasion for wonder was, that there were so many, considering the exceedingly short time that had elapsed since the school was definitely announced.

The next day our school began in earnest, arrangements for classes were made, and the portions of house-work assigned. When our numbers were so few and the work was so new to me, I used to

dread greatly the assignment of the difficult and heavy parts of the house-work. I remember myself scrambling out of bed morning after morning long before day-break, and rushing down to the cold dark kitchen to get breakfast, because I did not like to ask any of the students to do it. In the class-room, three hours every morning was spent in lectures and recitation, the general plan being much the same as that followed permanently. Only one hour, or at most two hours were taken by the resident teachers, as we understood perfectly that the school could not have the broad character which we desired, if only one or two teachers were employed in it. The ministers and teachers and physicians of the city and suburbs were laid under contribution, and responded nobly to our request for unsalaried service, and thus was started the system of voluntary lectures, which has now for four years—Spring of 1889—proved such a success. House to house visitations was even at the first a marked feature of our work. All the students visited two afternoons of every week. In these early days, when the number going out was so comparatively few, and the machinery very simple, we gathered always in the class-room before starting, and held a special little prayer service, asking for direction as to the words we spoke and the tracts we gave. It was new work to the young students, and if the truth must be told,

new work to the not very old Principal. We felt the need of special direction, and our weak hands were strengthened, and our feeble knees confirmed by this waiting upon the Lord. To visit well, is a great thing, not only for the visited, but also for the visitor. Nothing develops christian life more rapidly. The students usually dread it exceedingly at first, but no part of the work furnishes more solid enjoyment, and the ladies almost invariably learn to like it very much. One of them wrote about the work that first winter:

“We visited twenty-one families to-day, and met with Germans, Bohemians, Jews and Canadians, many of them backslidden Christians. One woman was a fortune-teller. She talked incessantly for fifteen minutes. We watched our chance, said what we could, and left her in God’s hands. We gained admission into three homes by asking to look at the pretty babies. We met one woman who had been sick for weeks. We prayed with her, she thanked us, and we left her sobbing. Prayer almost always melts the heart, and well repays the effort it requires to get permission.”

Another wrote:

In one home we found a young man very sick and unsaved. He said he “didn’t know how.” We read some verses from the Bible and prayed with him, explaining as well as we could how simple the way of salvation is. He begged us to call again and we shall try to do so.

On entering another home, the woman said she was not a Christian and did not want to be; that she was old enough to take care of herself. We could not reply, as she shut the door at once.

In one instance the woman came to the door of the inner hall and stood and talked with us, though she would not let us in. She acknowledged that she was a sinner. We asked her if we might come in and pray. After much hesitation she allowed us to do so. Before we left she seemed under deep conviction, and promised she would read a certain chapter of the Bible for herself, and send us word if ever she needed help in religious things.

Not only in visitation, but in the Industrial and Sunday School work, many amusing and many perplexing incidents occurred, and were duly reported by our band. One of the girls took a new Sunday-school class, and thinking she would begin right, asked a bright boy if he could give the names of the books of the Bible. "No ma'am," he responded with great frankness. "Can you?" Another teacher tried to impress her class of boys that they must pray for the Holy Ghost, and one of them replied promptly, "My father don't believe in ghosts." The teacher got a lesson that time, not the boy. A visitor found a woman one day struggling with two babies. She urged her rather abruptly to be a Christian, and was electrified with the response, in an aggrieved tone of voice, "Be a Christian! Look at them twins!" Sometimes I think the Lord

specially allowed us to run into these funny things, not only to teach us better to adapt our methods to those we were to reach, but also because He knew how much good it would do us, to not only cry together over our experiences, as we met at night and talked them over around the tea-table, but also to laugh together over some of them. *Sym-path*y is a *feeling with*, and not always a feeling with sadness.

More students came dropping in, and our family increased to an even dozen; but above this we could not seem to rise. The experience of George Mueller began to be duplicated in our midst. It is said that after his first Orphans' Home was ready at Bristol, not an orphan appeared to enjoy its advantages, and he was compelled to ask God more earnestly for the orphans, than he ever had for the home. So we prayed earnestly for pupils, fearing lest the whole movement might fall to the ground, for want of suitable students. But it was not until months had passed, and some advance in our faith had been made, in that we were willing to receive students who could not pay their way, and trust to the help of God, and the liberality of His children to create a Students' Aid fund, from which to draw for their expenses, that they began again to come to us. But in the spring the house was quite full—every room; and some of the larger rooms were crowded with four students.

In January, 1886, we published our first issue of *The Message*, full of incidents occurring in our daily history, and of efforts to push the Nickle Fund. The publication of *The Message* was considered a very risky experiment, and the Board was a little fearful as to incurring so great a financial responsibility. Believing that the paper might be made self-supporting we quietly continued its publication, and after the first few issues, our hopes were realized. It was not a very imposing sheet, "just big enough for a capital tract," as one of the friends said—a remark which we did not know whether to consider complimentary or not.

The Journal of the School formed the largest part of the early issues of the *Message*. We quote largely from the first:

OUR FIRST EIGHT WEEKS.

October 20, 1885.

To-day, by the blessing of God, the Chicago Training School for Christian Women has been opened. We feel like beginning a record of the fact as they begin wills, by saying, "In the name of God, Amen." For surely, never was enterprise undertaken more "in the name of God." And none was never more absolutely dependent on the power of that NAME for success.

Our house is very home-like and comfortable. We have made our large sunny front parlor the class room. Bro. Simmons has very kindly furnished

it for us, with good class-chairs, table and black-board. Counting this room, nine of our rooms are nearly furnished. In the back parlor the camp-meeting curtain of sheets still keeps its place before the alcove, but it will give way when Mrs. Smith comes from Kalamazoo, and completes the furnishing of her two rooms. Up stairs, Mrs. Hobbs has beautifully furnished the large front room and alcove. The regions down stairs are cheerful with our pretty crockery and shining new silver, and generous range—all given.

Five pupils form our first class, reckoning Miss Howard who is studying medicine for the foreign field. We look forward with confidence, to the time when this number will be multiplied ten-fold. The Lord hasten it in His day!

October 21

Class exercises commence to-day.

Here is a rough outline of our weekly program:

	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
9-10	Medical Lecture.	Medical Lecture.	Bibie History	S. S. Lesson	Church History	
10-11	Lecture*	Lecture.	Lecture.	Lecture	Lecture	
11-12	Bible.	Bible.	Bible.	Bible.	Bible	
2-3		Visitation.		Visitation		Industrial Schools.
3-4		Visitation.		Visitation		Industrial Schools
7:30	Singing Practice		Prayer		Family Meeting	

* Such as Theory of Domestic Industry, Kinder-garten Work, Temperance, Bible Evidences, Bible Interpretation, Etc., Etc.

October 25.

An old friend sent fifty dollars for the School—just enough for November's rent. This is as unexpected as was the one hundred dollars from the Ann Arbor lady just before the school opened. How little we know of the resources of the Lord !

October 27.

Plans are maturing to bring in, if possible, some of the girls who want to come to the school, but who cannot for lack of means. The only way to help them here is to do without a Matron, and have two of them come and work for their board. The Board of Managers question this plan, and it could not be done with less devoted and mature girls. Miss Holding has been appointed house-keeper. She buys the food and plans the meals. Mrs. Meyer's mother is also a great help. She is a real *mother* in our home. Still another pupil to-day,—three since school opened.

October 30

Our first family prayer-meeting. Some of the girls are, naturally, very homesick, but we could see their faces grow bright during the short meeting.

November 3.

Two of the girls found to-day, in their visits, a poor woman, a Christian, who had not been to church or heard a prayer for a long time. So they knelt right down and prayed with her. We are greatly pleased with the missionary spirit they show. Mrs. D. called and told us how the Lord had put it

into her heart to send us some furniture. It has come just when needed, for the new girls on the upper floor.

November 4.

Good news from two directions. Miss Lathbury writes from the East that the Woman's Home Missionary Society passed a resolution of sympathy and encouragement at Philadelphia last week; and we are also thankful to learn that the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has taken the same action at Evanston. We celebrated the good news by visiting Evanston in a body. The girls are very enthusiastic over the meeting and we have all gained new inspiration from this day of "communion of saints."

We fear the health of one of the girls will not be sufficient for missionary work. We are sorry, but that is one of the objects of the school, to test the girls, physically, as well as mentally and spiritually.

November 6.

The morning mail brought a most encouraging letter from Mrs. Fowler, saying that she sends our treasurer a check for \$100. This is a deliverance. It is very precious to notice how the Lord supplies our wants from day to day. Bills had been accumulating for incidentals, printing and postage, to about one hundred dollars, and only last night we had reluctantly concluded that they must be presented to the Treasurer, at Oak Park. So they were in an envelope, all addressed, when this letter, telling about the money to pay them, came, to be enclosed and sent with them. If this is a "coincidence," it is one of God's coincidences.

November 7.

Miss Lawson, under appointment for India, came to-day for a short stay. The girls are practising map-drawing this week. I am afraid Abraham would hardly acknowledge some of the journeys we make him take over our blackboard. But we are improving.

November 9.

Dr. Long came this morning. This makes eleven girls in the school. Neither she nor Miss Lawson could bring bedding, and we had exhausted our private supply for some of the other girls who were short; so, in the emergency, our furnishing committee ordered sheeting and comforters of Marshall Field & Co. It seems necessary, even though we do not know where the money is coming from. If some of these good Chicago people only knew our needs, how quickly they would help us.

November 10.

Miss Holbrook, from Japan, took tea with us, and in the evening gave us an admirable talk on her mission field.

November 12.

We have been very, very busy all these weeks getting the "Nickel Fund" started, for we *must* have a building or a larger house next year. Miss Holding has been an invaluable assistant in this. She has written hundreds of letters. Surely the Lord sent her to us.

But the writing is not so formidable as the postage bill. Forty dollars for postage in two short months! But it will not soon again be quite so

much as that. We have nearly 300 Nickel Books out now, and they must bring us some hundreds, if not thousands of dollars. None of this Fund subscription, however, can be used for our current expenses, as it is pledged for a building.

Surely this postage is well spent, though it frightens us sometimes till we think of what the man of God said to Amaziah, "The Lord is able to give thee much more than this."

November 13.

A dear lady in Iowa sends two dollars and a half "with earnest prayer for the school." This small gift is a great encouragement to us. Much of our support may come in this way—small contributions from those whose hearts God will touch.

Tuesday, November 17.

A memorable day, because this evening occurred our first Reception, very unlike the formal society gatherings that are called by that name. The girls had prepared a little lunch, very simple, but we judge from the most convincing kind of proof, very acceptable; and the company were discovering its merits when Dr. Vincent rang the bell. We were very glad to see him, and as soon as he had broken bread with us he made a little speech—little in size but great in sympathy and in thoughts. Dr. Alabaster also spoke during the evening, and so did dear Miss Dryer. And Prof. Bradley ended, with the crowning thought that all intellectual culture amounts to nothing without the vivifying influence of the Holy Spirit. O, that we may never lose sight of this great truth. Surely the Blessed Spirit has been

with us to-night. He has blessed our gathering, and He will make the memory of it a lasting joy

November 19.

Dear Auntie C. is evidently planning to furnish the little room at the head of the stairs. She is sending one thing after another. It means much to have the furniture of a room reflect the loving thought of a friend.

Wednesday, November 25.

We have finished the study of Genesis, and to-day Mrs. Meyer examined the class. Here are some of the questions:

Draw a map of the Old Testament world. Locate on it ten cities. Give the origin of the name "Genesis." In what language was the book written? Is *work* anywhere in the Bible called a curse? Name the ten "first things" mentioned in the fourth chapter of Genesis. (First baby, murder, city, bigamist, smith, poetry, etc.) What two instances of giving tithes found in Genesis?

The girls are full of a pleased bustle about our Thanksgiving celebration to-morrow. Dear Mrs. H. sent a \$2 bill in a letter yesterday as a beginning for our dinner. She constantly reminds me of what the poor man whose wife had put a \$5 gold piece into the collection box, said, to the patronizing pastor who tried to give him back the money, thinking it was a mistake: "When my wife flings in, she flings in!" Besides this \$2, our other Mrs. H. has sent us a package of groceries. Miss Holding had quite set her heart on a turkey—she had received a slight hint that one might be sent—but after waiting

till late in the afternoon her faith in the hint quite failed, and she ordered one. After tea, however, there came a smiling expressman—who, by the way, would take nothing for his services—with a barrel of apples, a great bunch of celery, a bag of cranberries, and a Turkey that we spell with a capital; for, as he held it up, it was about as long as he was. Dr. P. and Bro. B—t had sent them with a pleasant note, which the man discovered from the inside of his cap. Lizzie felt quite rebuked for her lack of faith and hastened to countermand her order.

Thursday, November 26.

The first Thanksgiving day in the school. We nearly all attended church in the morning, and later sat down to the dinner that our hands had prepared. It adds wonderfully to the home feeling that we have no servant, but do nearly all our own work. It is doubtful if fourteen happier or more grateful hearts exist to-day than those that surrounded our Thanksgiving board. Nearly every one felt that, next to personal salvation, the thing most to be grateful for was the establishment of this school—it is so manifestly “the Lord’s doing.” Three months ago it existed only in thought; yet here we are, an organized school, with regular classes, and with teachers and lecturers, among the best in the city. It is a sweet Christian *home*, with all the rest. We want to be a real Beth-El—House of God—in every room of which He can dwell all the time. Just as we were finishing our dinner, a wagon loaded with vegetables and provisions drove up to the door. We thought it was a huckster, but no, the whole

load was for us, a gift from the Oak Park people. Our dinner party broke up in the excitement. The Lord bless the friends, and make their Thanksgiving rich and sweet, as they have made ours.

Friday, November 27.

The Sunday-school lesson and other classes as usual to-day. Strangely enough, we have begun to pray about the rent money. We have hardly mentioned money matters to the Lord for weeks, except that He would open some way for poor students to come to us.

Saturday, November 28.

A new industrial school opened to-day at Douglas Park Mission, with thirty-six in attendance. The children came with little thimbles, and needles stuck into the edge of their aprons, just as directed. The calico we had for them to "piece up," was printed with heads of dogs and kittens, and interested them vastly. We are arranging kindergarten occupations for the very tiniest boys and girls next Saturday. A letter came from our treasurer asking us to pray for the rent money, which is short \$9. We have already been doing so.

Monday, Nov. 30.

Brother B. called to-day, and we had a long talk over the rent money. The monthly rental due to-morrow is \$50. A week ago there was in the treasury \$36. Then came the \$10 from the ladies in Freeport, and \$5 from Mrs. B., of Rockford, a total of \$51. We were rejoicing over this sufficient amount, when a letter came from Freeport saying

that on no account must the \$10 be used for rent, as it was given for furniture. We have therefore applied it on the bill for Dr. Long's room—it will come in very providentially there—but it leaves the rent-money \$9 short. It was suggested that we apply to friends for it. But no, Bro. B. said we had asked the Lord and we would not ask anybody else. So the matter rests.

Tuesday, December 1.

• This afternoon, while in our room for prayer, making special mention of this deficiency in the rent, the pastor of Western Avenue church called, and handed us \$21.08, the proceeds of a collection taken for the school, at the union service in his church on Thanksgiving day. We had looked for the money in the morning mail, but it never occurred to us that he might be the bearer of it, so we were intensely surprised. A peculiar sense of the nearness of God came over us. Mr. Meyer laughingly said afterward that we must not show so much emotion, or the people would all see how little faith we had that our own prayers would be answered. The good news spread rapidly over the house, and as the door closed after the good pastor, we met a troop of rejoicing girls, for the students, too, had all been praying about it. This money is enough, not only for the rent, but for the gas and water bills, which are also due. Our board bill takes care of itself, but we still need money for coal and for next month's rent; and especially for the support of those who want to come to us, but who cannot pay their way. Our faith is strengthened to ask the Lord for all this. How easily He can move upon a hundred

people to send each a dollar, or one man to send a hundred dollars! Or a thousand either, for that matter.

December 2.

Miss Pace and Dr. L. leave us to-day, the former to be with her widowed mother, the latter to resume her practice at home until her field of mission work is more definitely settled. We have now room for six more students. May the Lord speedily send us such as He has called.

December 5.

The girls report much interest in the Industrial schools. The little children at the Park begin perforating the Scripture text-cards, to-day.

Those blessed Northfield people! Mrs. Meyer sent her own Nickel Fund Subscription book to them some weeks ago and they have just returned it with \$20 subscribed -- much more than she expected. Dear Mr. Marshall, the Treasurer of the School, made it up to twenty by giving ever so much himself. One grateful household will pray for him, and for them all, in that wonderful School.

December 6.

Very cold. Miss Lawrence quite sick. The Lord is trying our faith in this. But though confined to her bed for days she declares she is not homesick at all, and is very glad she came to us. Miss B. also, who works for her board, and whom we have sometimes almost pitied, surprised and warmed our hearts to-day by exclaiming to Mrs. M.: "O, I'm so glad I'm here! I should want to stay if I had to work twice as hard!"

A letter from Mr. Estey giving us the use of an organ as long as we want it. Mrs. Meyer took the letter down-town to the store as he directed, and received a double gift. First, the organ, which she herself selected, not large, but with an amazing amount of sweetness wrapped up in its shining body; second, a new appreciation of the power of a Name. She walked into the store with about fifty cents in her pocket. The clerk met her very politely, but he would never have thought of giving her anything if she had not had Mr. Estey's name behind her. She presented the letter. He read it, and forthwith, anything she wanted in the store was hers. Mr. Estey said, "Give Mrs. Meyer what she needs," and signed his name. And all she had to do was to walk up-stairs and select what she needed, and it was ours to enjoy, by the power of his name. Will our Heavenly Father do less in honor of the Name of His Son? Has he not said, in almost the words Mr. Estey used, "My God shall supply *all your need*," and given, besides, the promise, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my Name"?

Many of the incidents mentioned in this journal were the occasions of great rejoicing, perhaps none more so than the gift of the organ from Mr. Estey. Before it came, our singing had excelled in quavers and semi-quavers only, for none of us were great musicians, but we gained confidence very perceptibly upon the addition of this excellent instrument.

With the enlarged needs of the school, Kimball & Co., sent another organ, then a piano came all the way from Kansas, then another organ, the gift of a lady from Rockford. For every one of these there was a need, as our Home enlarged. If we had had a piano and organ factory at our command, our needs could hardly have been supplied in a more munificent and timely way.

After a few months' trial we found that our plan of meeting the expenses of board fuel and gas, by the \$2.75 or \$3.00 the students paid weekly for board, was successful. But this was by no means all the money outgo that was necessary. We had to meet, by voluntary contributions, the expense of furnishing the house, paying large postage and printer's bills, and the ever recurring monthly rent. And this at a time when the institution was known to comparatively few. But we seemed to be—shall I hesitate to say we were—God's special care, and all our wants were supplied. Some of the gifts that came had most touching stories connected with them. One mother sent a watch and chain, with a brief little note, saying: "I am very glad to send it as a memorial of my precious little daughter, now in heaven." Another gift that seemed very sacred to us, was \$5.00 from a stranger, a missionary in Bulgaria. During all our history, missionaries have been among our most devoted friends and liberal helpers.

There were the dark days, however, when the bills pressed and the treasury was empty. I remember that on one of these, I thought it necessary to take a long trip, though it was bitterly cold, to the southern part of the city in the effort to see a lady concerning some matter connected with a new applicant for admission. I failed to find her in, and began my return trip, cold and cheerless, and more nearly wretched than I had been for many a day. The thought was almost irresistible, why did my Heavenly Father let me take this long cheerless journey in vain? But an old friend happened—I wonder if Christians ought ever to use that word—to be in the street-car that I entered, and he asked me in his cheery way how we were getting along. He seemed very inquisitive, wanting to know exactly how much a month's expenses were, and when I could not give the precise amount, he laughed at me for my poor business head. However, he said he intended to send me a few stamps, just to show his good will. And sure enough the few stamps came next day, a crisp new \$100.00 check. The answer to my questioning had come, a prompt and loving rebuke to my lack of faith.

In all embarrassments, our students were the greatest possible help and comfort, fully imbibing the spirit of the Home, and joining with us in our anxieties and prayers.

At one time we were much annoyed by an endless procession of beggars and peddlers, who kept our door-bell in a constant jingle, notwithstanding the general rule we were obliged to make, even so early, that no money whatever should be given to any one at the door. At the prayer meeting that week one of the students told with the utmost simplicity, how she had been praying the Lord for a large gift to the Home, and in order that she might not forget the matter, she had resolved that every time she heard the door-bell ring she would send a prayer heavenward for this one thing. And sure enough it came. The Lord sent us that week, in one sum, a gift of \$100. It seemed very large to us at that time, and greatly relieved us in paying our printing and postage bill. At the close of the year we were able to report to our committee all bills paid.

CHAPTER VIII.

A "COTTAGE IN THIS WILDERNESS."

As Spring approached, the crowded condition of the house, and the interest manifested in the school in all parts of the country, made it evident that much larger quarters must be secured for another year. It seemed preposterous to expect that our little nest egg, the nickel fund, would so soon hatch out into the \$25,000, that we estimated the permanent building would cost. But the house we desired could not be found for rent at any cost, and the board of management were thus compelled to believe that it was God's will that they should buy and build. Our faith was greatly strengthened by the first large gift we had ever received, \$3,000 from Mrs. Adeline M. Smith, of Oak Park, and a second gift of \$2,000 from Mrs. Wm. E. Blackstone, her daughter. Members of an elect family, mother and daughter, eternity alone will reveal all they have done for the school and for us, by their constant sympathy and generous help. Mr. Blackstone, Mr. Elderkin and Dr. Parkhurst added their encouragement as business men. Without the help received from these

men, the school could have hardly existed in its present prosperous condition.

This \$5,000 gift, with the first thousand that came in from the nickel fund, was sufficient to buy an exceedingly desirable lot, at the corner of Ohio street and Dearborn Avenue. The location was chosen because it was in a good residence locality, and yet within a few minutes' walk of the street-car lines to all parts of the city, thus saving both time and car-fare for our students as they went three or four times a week, to their practical work in all parts of the city.

And now came a promise of another gift, verified in due time, \$1,000 from the Woman's Home Missionary Society, increased to \$1,250 by the energetic interest of our friend, Mrs. E. E. Marcy. With this before us we enthusiastically decided to build on our lot, and the year's session of school was closed the last of April, and our rented house given up in the hope that in the Fall we should be in our new home.

Our first commencement was a conspicuous failure in some respects. The president of the society was absent attending an indignation meeting over some municipal oppression of the Salvation Army—we could not blame him for that, though we missed him greatly. His example of absence, however, was followed by so many, that our little class

of less than fifteen formed a great part of the audience assembled. Bishop Bowman, our beloved senior Bishop, gave the address of the evening, and in that respect the Commencement was a brilliant success. There was no graduating class of course, but it was a *commencement*, and as we look back upon it, the very fact that it *was*, at all, seems to us the greatest of successes.

During the summer, the school was in suspension, and *we* were in suspense, owing to the fact that in May, 1886, the Haymarket riot occurred, and it was months before the building operations of the city resumed their normal tone. This greatly delayed the work on the house and for a time it seemed that our summer suspension might become the sleep of death. Just at this time in our history, however, an unexpected gift of \$1,000 was given in beautiful spirit by a young lady in the city, and the stimulus was sufficient to tide us over the critical period. The contracts were let, and by the first of July the first spade was actually put into the ground. I went East in August, to talk for the school wherever an opening might present itself. I had not a large stock of history from which to draw, but I revelled in prophecy, and used to the best possible advantage what little history I had. I remember that I carried about in my pocket, and exhibited on every possible occasion a tiny bit of

sandstone, clipped from the walls, to assure myself as well as others, that there really *were* walls. Many words of sympathy and a good deal of more substantial aid were given, and the trip was a decided success. I shall never forget how one dear lady electrified me, when I tremblingly presented my five-cent subscription book to her, by giving me one hundred and ten dollars; and her daughter like-minded, added twenty-five dollars, and even the grand daughter twenty-five cents. The whole blessed family have been warm friends of the school ever since, helping both by money and influence.

In the mean time, during the summer, a much larger class of students had applied for admission, and been accepted. We had advertised the opening of the school in October, but the house not being ready, it was delayed again and again, until our patience was almost, and the patience of some of the waiting students was quite, exhausted. Details of house-building never dreamed of before were involuntarily mastered by us during these months of waiting. We could tell to the fraction of a day just how long it would take plaster to dry. There were other and more difficult problems, however; for example, when the plaster would be put on. We used to think about that essay which made such a stir years ago, on "The total depravity of inanimate things;" but we felt that there was nothing on earth

like the total depravity of *animate* things—carpenters, and plasterers, and plumbers, and steam-boiler men, and butchers and bakers and candle-stick makers. Pilgrimage after pilgrimage was made to that corner of Ohio and Dearborn Avenue, the centre of our hopes. I remember well one frosty Fall morning when I watched that very last red brick go into the front walls, and my hopes grew bright when finally the windows went in, and the floors were down. In the mean time I was keeping up a brisk correspondence with my thirty expected pupils, endeavoring in every possible way to assure them that the school would begin sometime. At last the eighth of December, we entered the house. There was not a knob on a door, nor a particle of paint on any part. The students came pouring in, and classes began. The sound of the workman's hammer and saw mingled with our songs and prayers, and the odor of paint gave flavor to our class-room exercises for many a week. To quote from the Journal of these days again:

“Our Sunday School lesson was about Heaven, to-day. Just in the midst of it came a terrible racket from the saw of the carpenter near, and some body gratefully remarked that ‘they were glad the mansions in the Father's House would be completed before we got there.’”

During the later winter days of this school year, the shadow of a great sorrow fell upon us, in the

sickness and death of one of our number, Miss Hettie Cattell, from Damascus, Ohio. Miss Cattell was a lady of rare gifts—a remarkable Christian woman. Her health was really too delicate for her to have entered the school, but her intense desire to fit herself for greater usefulness, led her, with the concurrence of her physician, to come to us. Her death was so unexpected, just at the opening of the year, that it tried our faith greatly, but as a dear friend said at the informal funeral services, “God does not ask us to understand, but only to trust.”

February 15th, was set apart as our dedication day. The workmen had at last given the finishing touches, and we had made all the preparations possible for the occasion. The day was ushered in by sunshine, and we thanked God that beautiful weather was to be in our favor, but in a few hours it began to rain. It was not an intermittent rainy day, but from morning until night it rained steadily, ending with a tremendous thunder storm just as the audience was dispersing from the evening services at Grace Church. Notwithstanding the rain, the Training School building was crowded during the day, and Bishop Thoburn, the principal speaker of evening, declared that he had never known so remarkable an audience on an evening of such weather. Our addresses, and all the services were beautiful, we thought, and though very little money

was raised—we always were specially sensitive about “begging”, and could not press the matter as is sometimes done—there was much to encourage us, and we thanked God and took courage.

From time to time some of our number left for other fields of work, for not all were allowed to remain long enough to take the full course. Whenever we could, we sent them away after a special prayer service; and gathered involuntarily, just as they left, in the wide hall and on the stairs to say good bye. Soon the custom arose of “singing them off.” We used to sing “God be with you till we meet again,” and our hearts used to wonder at the inappropriateness of the words, when we had no hope of meeting again; until we came to the chorus, “Till we meet *at Jesus’ feet.*” We could not hope for an earthly reunion, such as is customary in other schools; we were scattered too widely; but our hearts learned to rest in the thought of the meeting at Jesus’ feet. That is the best meeting place, after all. This song became too sad, however, and so we used to sing, “To the work, to the work,” and “I will follow Jesus,” and “Praise God from whom all blessings flow,” and while natural tears will flow, more than one of our workers have gone to their fields from our midst, even though it was like leaving home to them, with the testimony, “This is the happiest day of my life.”

An exceedingly pathetic bit of personal history, this year occurred in connection with one of our pupils who came to us against great opposition on the part of her parents, who were not Christians. She thought of entering the foreign work, but was not certain. She only felt sure she ought to begin training for some field which the Lord would show her in due time. Remaining with us month after month, the longing of her heart for her kindred, especially her mother, became so great, that as she told me afterwards, she could not refrain from writing a long and earnest appeal to her that she would at once give God her heart. The letter was sent on its long journey winged by prayer. The daughter feared that it might give offense, and be the means of still further alienating her from home, but the very next week came a blessed answer. Her mother had given her heart to God. The step was most a unexpected one to all her friends; and without doubt the letter written in such anguish of spirit, was the means of the decision. We all rejoiced with the dear girl, who could not keep the good news to herself, but within a few days came another message, this time by telegraph. The mother had suddenly died. The blow was a terrible one, but nothing to what it would have been but for the letter of a week previous, and but for the decision to come to the school that indirectly led to the

letter. In a little while the daughter went to her home to care for her invalid father. God had shown her her mission field.

June 2, 1887, occurred the second commencement of the Training School. Dr. J. M. Thoburn, now Bishop, and Prof. C. F. Bradley, of Evanston, were the speakers, and fifteen ladies received the diploma of the school. It was our first graduating class. Only twelve of the graduates were present, two having been obliged to leave to join a party of missionaries going to Africa, and one having been called home on account of the death of her mother. The audience was large, and now for the first time the students sang an original hymn, and in other ways the ordinary pleasant customs of other schools were followed.

In the *Message* preceding the commencement number, we find the plan of the Deaconess Home sketched, and on Commencement evening, Prof. Bradley made a ringing appeal for thorough organization of women's work for the city's need. Thus the coming event of the General Conference action in May, 1888, concerning Deaconesses was being anticipated in our midst.*

The class gathered for the opening of the school in September, 1887, was larger than any of its predecessors.

*See page 126.

During this year every room in the house was occupied. The course of study was strengthened and systematized, and the general organization of the school was much improved. Now for the first time a full year's work was accomplished. An illness of several months on my part caused some interruption of class-work, but even this "worked for good" to teacher and pupils. The well-known missionary, Isabella Thoburn, came in the fall to visit the school, as missionaries often do, and at our earnest solicitation consented to remain with us, teaching in the class-rooms and otherwise filling an important place. God was teaching us the precious lesson that the school was under His special care.

This school year, like the one preceding, was saddened by death. Helen May Bacon, a graduate of the June class, who was to me almost as a dear child in the Gospel, suddenly died. She had hastened back to the school to care for me during my sickness, but as my boat crept painfully and heavily back to this shore of the river of death, her light bark swept swiftly over to the other side. Again we could not understand God's dealings with us, but again we remembered, "It is not necessary to understand—only to trust."

"All is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His dear will."

Eighteen different States were represented among

the pupils of this one year, 1887-88. The expenses of the year, \$3,669.18, had been met almost entirely from the money paid by the students; and that the practical work which had served as training during the course had been of value to the city, the following statistics testify:

Number of calls made at home, 5,287.

Bible readings and prayer at homes, 575.

Bible lessons given in Sunday-school, 19,113.

Lessons given in Industrial Schools, 8,371.

Tracts and cards distributed, 6,130.

Thus closes this brief sketch of the history of the first three years of the Training School. • We had advanced from an unembodied idea, to a solid structure of brick and mortar, our beautiful building; and we rejoiced in another structure, better than brick and mortar—the confidence and sympathy of God's people. The influence of the school had gone out to the ends of the earth, in our students scattered literally over the globe. At the close of this year, or as soon after as the ladies could get to their fields, we had twenty-four students in the foreign field—India, China, Korea, Japan, South America, Africa, and Jamaica—and twenty-seven students in various departments of the home work in the United States. "The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad!"



PART III.

THE STORY OF THE CHICAGO DEACONESS HOME.

What hath God Wrought!—NUM. XXIII : 23.

For Jesus' sake.—JOHN XII : 9.





A NURSE DEACONESS.

FROM THE CHICAGO HOME.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BEGINNING.

At the close of the second year of the Chicago Training School for City, Home and Foreign Missions, June, 1887, we found eight or ten among our students who were willing to remain in the city during the summer and continue the practical missionary work which had formed a part of their training in the school, provided only they could be supplied with a home and board—a basis of work. The matter was brought before the Executive Committee of the Training School, and they voted to allow us the use of the large school building, during the summer, for these women. There was no provision whatever for their board and car-fare, but God had been graciously preparing us for such a time as this. He had laid on our hearts a burden for the great city, He had wonderfully given us workers, and we dared not do otherwise than to set them at work, since to do otherwise meant putting eight or ten greatly needed missionaries out of the field. As to the support, we believed that God and his children would help us out. * And they did.

Our friends were somewhat prepared for the

movement by a little note which appeared in the *June Message*, (1887), which reads to us now almost like prophesy; and by an admirable address which Prof. C. F. Bradley gave at our Commencement exercises soon afterward. The note in *The Message* has a peculiar historical interest, being the first printed matter in America, so far as known, relative to the establishment of Deaconess work in the Methodist Episcopal Church. We quote it entire:

OUR DEACONESS HOME.

The opportunities for work in a large city are often better in summer than in winter. This fact, together with the desire we have that our building which would otherwise be nearly vacant for months, may be used for the advance of the Kingdom, has determined us upon opening a Deaconess Home, during the summer months.

Into this Home, we purpose to receive such ladies as shall be approved, and for whom we can find suitable openings, who wish to devote their time to City Missionary Work.

They will receive no salary, but we promise them a home, such board as the Lord may provide, and the payment of necessary car-fare.

Workers in the Home are at entire liberty to leave at any time, without warning, but while with us must obey the rules of the Home, and submit to the decisions of those in authority.

We believe this thought of a Headquarters for lady missionaries and an organization of their work,

may be a seed with a life-germ in it which shall grow. It is very small, but so was the mustard seed. We will plant it, and wait for the showers from Heaven and the shining of the sun.

Prof. Bradley's address was so strong a setting forth of the work and its necessity, that we also quote largely from it. Never has the cause received more clear and forceful words. Speaking first of the ladies who were to be sent into foreign and home fields, and the strong organizations ready to send them out, he continued:

But some women feel their hearts drawn out to mission work in great cities, and to them, and of the possibilities before the church in connection with their work, I desire especially to speak. What door is open before them? Who is to commission them? Who will direct their labors? To whom will they be responsible? What treasury is behind them? Do we not *need* them? The homes of ignorance and misery in this great city, the thousands that are sick, the children that swarm our streets—do they not need the care and tenderness, the love and sympathy, of Christian womanhood? As I have thought upon this matter, I confess I have been pained that so little has been done in this direction. Here and there, it is true, a single church employs a lady missionary, and people look at her as some sort of a curiosity; wonder what is done with her, and how she is related to the church! Moreover, a woman may a steward or class-leader in our church, but this does not mean the devotion of one's life entirely to the service of Christ in

the church. The fact is, there is no chance for any considerable number of women to enter mission work in our cities. When I think of it, I am amazed—amazed in view of our great need, and in view of the number who would be ready to enter the work if it were only arranged for them.

Now, what do we need? What will these young ladies need who wish to enter the work? Most of you say at once that their first need is home and support—just such a home as is offered them in the new department contemplated in the Training School. There is much to be said in favor of a home where they will be together. It is more economical, then they will have each other's sympathy, and the older will encourage and advise the younger. They must have support, also, if they give all their time to the work. But it is a good investment for the church and for Christ, to put money into the work of Christian women. Moreover, they need direction. They cannot do this great work alone, single-handed. They must be placed in systematic relation to our churches and pastors. I fear for the permanency of those Christian efforts which are not connected with our churches. Certain it is that in some way the work must be thoroughly organized. This is our great present need. No great work can be accomplished in these days without organization.

What is our church doing? How patient our women have been in this matter! How strange it is that at present we have no place for the talents and ability of our women who wish to devote themselves entirely to God's work?

Why is not the work of our sisters, whom the

Lord has manifestly called into his service, in some way recognized and organized by the church?

There were great opportunities in the early days of Chicago to invest money in real estate. A man would put \$500 into a little land, and in a few years it would be worth a million. You often meet people on the street who tell you how rich they might have been; how they might have owned half of Chicago now, if they had only invested a few hundred dollars when they had the chance. Friends, there are just such opportunities in the religious world, and this is one of them. A few hundreds or thousands of dollars invested in the Deaconess' Home now will mean a great deal in a little while, and if some of you do not invest, you may be walking around the streets of heaven, by-and-bye, telling what good you might have done; what spiritual wealth you might have amassed! This is the present opportunity for our church and for us all. I tell you we need this Deaconess Home, and it is coming! God help us to see our opportunity, and do all we can to help it on. We have our Tryphenas and Tryphosas, who labor in the Lord; we shall find our Priscillas and Marys pressing on, who labor much in the Lord. God help us to help these women, to open the way for them. This is our golden opportunity, and if we—if the church—only have the courage to go forward, we shall be blessed and abundantly rewarded for our sacrifice and labor.

So our Home was actually begun. One of the embryo Deaconesses who was with us that summer thus describes this beginning:

"How well I remember the last student's prayer meeting in the year 1886-7 of the Chicago Training School. Just before it closed, Mr. Meyer said he had something to tell us, and then he unfolded the plan of Deaconess work for the summer, which had been talked of among us, to be sure, but which had seemed after all only a far off dream. Mr. Meyer told us plainly that all the inducement he had to offer was the shelter of the Training School building, and such board as the Lord might send. On these terms he offered to take all who wished to undertake the work for the summer. We left the room and gathered into little groups in the hall, discussing the question whether we had faith enough to trust the Lord to feed us as he did Elijah. But to tell the truth, we had some doubts as to whether the particular kind of raven that fed Elijah were not now extinct.

Finally I decided to remain on trial, and now came my great anxiety as to what my appointment would be. Talking with one of the young ladies, now in China, she said sympathetically, "Oh, I do hope you will not be given my class of boys." But a few hours later I was told to take charge of this very class. For a moment I envied the young lady who was going to China. The next Sabbath morning I started with something of a martyr spirit, not knowing just what awaited me. But God is always better to us than our fears. The class I found to be a mischevious, ready-to-be-just-what-the-teacher-made-them set of boys, not at all hopeless. So, lovingly, God took care of me all summer, and it was a very happy summer. That raven species is not extinct."

The Deaconess Home family during this summer averaged eight. There were 2,751 calls made, and in 468 instances opportunities for prayer or for reading the Bible were gladly improved. Many children were gathered into the Sunday-school. Many sick and dying were visited and comforted.

It has never seemed best for us to try to keep statistics of conversions, but in many instances during that summer of 1887, our workers came home, and gathering around the tea-table told of hearts touched, of prayers offered, of tears that flowed as old vows were renewed or new ones taken. More than once we found the dead or dying, lying in homes where a helping hand was desperately needed. The summer was intensely hot, but the health of the family continued good. Only one day out of all the months was the work suspended on account of the heat. We did not call our workers Deaconesses, but we did apply the name to the Home—with bated breath however—as there must be some name by which to designate it.

Our support came in from week to week, and almost from day to day. We find in the record of those days, the following half humorous note about our living and our work:

“How are we going to live all summer?”

We don't know, but we have no doubt that the Lord will supply our bread and butter—and straw-

berries, too, for that matter. That is, strawberries occasionally. It is not good for people to have strawberries every day.

The word *Deaconess* means servant—helper. We are trying to be that. And it is blessed to remember that “while God has set some in the church, first apostles, secondly prophets,” he has set others named in the same list, to be “*Helps*.” 1 Cor. xii., 28. We are trying to help the pastor in the multiplicity of cares that drop on his shoulders this trying hot weather. There are some visits that we can make that save his foot-steps. We can also help him care for the children. Moreover, the Lord makes us a “help” sometimes to the poor neglected women of this great city. We go to their homes—they would never come to ours, or to our churches—and they tell us of their sorrows, and we tell them of the One who has borne our griefs and our sorrows. Five days in the week we visit from house to house. The informal talk at our tea-table often brings out some strange things. “I called on a lady who hasn’t been to church for four years,” said one, one night. “Well, I found one who hadn’t been to church for eighteen years!” replied her neighbor. And amid a chorus of distressed exclamations, a third told of a woman she had visited who hadn’t been in church for twenty years. “Was she a cripple?” asked one. “No, indeed; she just didn’t want to go.” “How did she receive you?” “She seemed cordial enough, and when we began to talk and pray, she looked at us and said, ‘I believe the Lord sent you here.’” Such cases, and all that promise good results, go down specially on our note books,

and are to be followed up. The first blow doesn't always break the rock.

Our family seems very small. We all sit at one very long table. Somebody sent us a crate of berries the other day. It is remarkable what appetites we all have—six loaves of bread every day and eight quarts of milk! Two little aristocratic Maltese kittens are the latest addition to our family. When they grow a little they will catch the rats out of the cellar. We don't dare try them just yet, for fear the rats might catch them.

The first hour after breakfast is always Bible hour. One of us leads in the responsive Bible reading, and then gives some practical talk on some verse of the lesson. We sing a good deal and pray, and grow strong by communion with God.

At the end of the summer vacation we balanced accounts, and found that we had met expenses and had \$6.55 over in the treasury. We thought at first that we could continue work from the Training School building, but it filled up with students, and we were again forced to face the question of disbanding or assuming increased financial responsibility. What could we do? Here were the women ready and eager to do the work—and work so terribly needed—at the merely nominal cost of furnishing them a home and clothes. Our good friends Mr. Blackstone and Mr. Elderkin and the elect lady, Mrs. Hobbs, all stood by us. We calculated the cost of rent and board, and asked ourselves the

question: "Dare we go on?" But we were met by the still harder question, "Dare we do anything *but* go on?" and the result was that at the next meeting of our Executive Committee, a "Deaconess Home Committee" was formally created, and it was voted, at Mr. Blackstone's motion, that we "carry forward the work so long as the Lord sends us the means to do so."

In the meantime the family had dropped to very small proportions. Quite a number of the ladies forming the summer family, re-entered the Training School. One engaged in missionary work in the city, and some were sent to distant fields of labor. So when a flat was finally rented, two blocks from the Training School building, there were, at first, only two ladies to enter it and begin the independent Deaconess Home.

The experience of the first few days has been kindly told for us by Miss Reeves, one of the two, and is as follows:

One day in October my room mate and I were called into the office at the Training School, and asked if we were willing to become the nucleus of an Independent Deaconess Home. And so it happened that one cold evening we began house-keeping on a small scale in the flat on Erie street. The whole visible prospect for a Home, at that time, consisted of a stove, a few second-hand household goods, thirty dollars for a month's rent, and our two selves.

Putting things together, however, we thought it meant go forward, so we bade "our anxious fears subside," and went forward. Our first night's experience was a never-to-be-forgotten one. Mr. Meyer and a strong-armed young friend accompanied us, each carrying something to add to the furnishing of our Home. (They thought nothing in those days of calmly marching along the streets carrying a mattress between them.) Standing in our little dining-room we viewed the landscape o'er. A bed lounge, four chairs and a lamp! Could we be happy here? We all knelt in prayer, dedicating ourselves and our Home to the Father above, and then we two were left alone. How large the house seemed! Four or more large, cold, dark rooms, and a large dark hall separated us from the outside world. Having no man in the house, we—woman-like—feared one might come in. Our window shook, and every sound was magnified by our imagination. We lay down, but arose again at some specially terrifying noise, and again asked God to take care of us. At last we slept, for the Lord sustained us.

During the first week we simply roomed at the Home, taking our meals at the Training School near. I remember that my household allotment of work at school that week was to help prepare the morning meal for the whole household of forty, which meant early rising and an early morning walk. But as soon as we had secured a barrel of flour and a few other necessary articles, we began in real earnest to enjoy our home and fire-side. We alternated regularly in performing the daily household task of

building the fire and preparing the meals. When it came to wash day, we left our clothes to dry while we spent the afternoon in visiting, returning at supper time to hasten through our meal, very likely to attend some evening meeting. Our days were thus filled with work, and being done in His name and for His glory, they glided swiftly and pleasantly by.

One dark and stormy Saturday night there was a knock at our door, and an earnest-faced young woman came in, to join our number. Ere long a fourth came, and so our Deaconess Home family grew. Our early fears of a nightly invasion were realized one November evening. We were awakened by a terrifying rap at our door, but instead of a bloody burglar, we were delighted to find our beloved Miss Thoburn. She remained with us a whole year, making our home home-like with her motherly presence. Her words were always wisely and well chosen, and her influence most helpful and inspiring. Such were our days of pioneer Deaconess work, and now "behold the works of the Lord, what wonders He hath wrought!"

The contributions toward the support of our workers came, at first, from the little inner circle of friends already interested in the school. The July *Message* acknowledged in all eighty-seven dollars received for the Home. The August acknowledgments are more varied. W. D. sent fifty dollars, a great encouragement, and W. E. B.—initials that have grown delightfully familiar—six boxes of berries. In addition to this, there were sums of money,

varying from one to fifty dollars, and coming from New Hampshire at the East to Missouri on the South, and Wisconsin on the North. Then some of the churches paid the street-car fare of the ladies working for them, which was no small help to our timid beginnings. We did not demand this, however. We have never made any condition, but that there be a need of the help we could give.

Soon, to our gratitude, a correspondence opened with young women in various parts of the country, who had not attended the Training School, but whose hearts were inclined toward the Deaconess work; and from their ranks as well as from the school, came recruits to our Deaconess Home family. Miss Thoburn, whose coming to assist in the school had been such a blessing, made her home with the Deaconess family, and became its safe and beautiful center. Surely God was blessing the movement and supplying not only our financial needs, but "all our needs, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

Many times, during the months, the need of strong and skillful hands to relieve physical distress, especially in case of sickness, had pressed upon us. The rich in the city can hire the trained nurse, or there is leisure and love and skill in the sufferer's own home. Not so with the poor. Engaged, often, in a hand to hand fight with the wolf at the door,

when sickness comes the suffering is extreme. No friendly neighbors offer help as in the blessed country, and often there is despair and death. Our visiting Deaconesses had often laid hold of these difficulties with practical hand, but we now began to think about adding a body of nurses to our Home, training them as rapidly as possible. This thought was destined to grow into the Training School for nurses, with Wesley Hospital as its place for hospital practice.

The graceful pen of Miss Thoburn. gives us some jottings from the days of her connection with the Home:

Why are nurses required in connection with the Deaconess' Home? Cannot the sick poor be sent to the hospital?

An illustration may answer. A widow supports her family. One child seems unwell; she thinks it may be a cold, and gives him such remedies as a mother has at hand. He grows rapidly worse and a doctor is called. He pronounces the disease diphtheria. The case needs close attention and careful nursing, but the weather is wintry and he cannot be taken through the intervening miles of street to the hospital. And so the tired mother must work by day and watch by night, unless some friend comes to help her, and so many are friendless in this great city. Such work awaits our hands, and other work where it is the mother who is laid by with no one to care for her. We cannot effectively carry the

Gospel to such people, unless we take with it the love that is ready to help in time of need, whatever the need may be.

There is work for the Deaconesses in the homes of the poor, and in the haunts of the sinful, and on the public streets. In walking one square we saw this: A crowd pouring out of a dime museum, another gathering in a theater, a working girl insulted by two base men as she stood waiting at a door, a news-boy on the corner crying, "Here's your evening papers! All about Sullivan's great victory in the prize fight!" And it was on the day called Sabbath, and in a city called Christian!

One of the Deaconesses went recently into a house where a laundry was kept, and while talking to the woman of the house, another standing by her ironing-table, overheard, and took part in the conversation. She confessed that she had once been a Christian, and not only that, but a Christian worker. "I have gone about talking to people just as you do," she said, "but I never do it now. I have only been in a church twice during the past year." She was visited at her lodging place, and asked to come to the Deaconess Home for Thanksgiving dinner. The feast was spread for both body and soul, and there she turned again with her whole heart to the Lord, who, true to his gracious promise, received and blessed her. The day became to her a *Thanksgiving* indeed.

About every other gift to our Home we ask that it may be the birth-place of souls. For this, and by this, it is consecrated to the Lord.

The Christian nurse has such rare opportunities

that her work is often blessed in the doing and important in the results. The experiences of a sufferer, of whatever kind, are very full of interest to herself, and as there is always a possibility that they may end in death they border upon "eternal realities" and awaken feeling and inquiry. The proud heart that stoutly resists near approach in health, often yields like a little child's in sickness, and the nurse that has been called to minister to a poor body, will often find her mission end in giving counsel, sympathy and prayer. Because always present, she has a better opportunity than the physician to win a hearing for the divine message, and though health return, and cares and everyday temptations reassert themselves, her influence remains, and is always more potent than that of the occasional visitor. The visitors often say they find a difficulty in praying where they call, that the subject is an unwelcome and awkward one to introduce, but a sick woman whom we have cared for, turns her eye longingly with request for prayer before she is asked, and joins earnestly in the petitions. As days pass, the answer is given, and she is receiving light and knowledge of our own needs and God's grace.

We live in a suffering world, and there is blessing in sharing the pain of the burdened one, instead of passing by on the other side in the sunshine of health and prosperity. A message came one night for help, where a woman lay on her death-bed, her husband beside her, as he had been day and night for a fortnight, soothing and restraining her, for she was raving in delirium; and an infant in the care of a sister. He was a laboring man, but his work had

to be given up for this care, and that brought the added care of debt, for there were doctors' bills and medicines, as well as living expenses. A priest had been there, and administered extreme unction, and with that care her church had done its duty to the dying woman, who in her delirium grieved over sins unconfessed and so, she believed, unforgiven. We could do nothing but help the suffering body, and a few days after that was at rest. A week later the baby died, and a home was broken up.

It was a comfort to find in another dying Roman Catholic, a trusting Christian. "Are you a sister?" she asked of the Deaconess who went to spend the night with her. "Yes, a Protestant sister," was the reply. "It is all the same in Christ," said the dying woman, and through a night of pain she was comforted by the words of promise that are the joy of all the saints in the dark valley.

But in Christ's service the happiest work is that which reaches lowest down. A poor creature lay dying in the Infirmary Hospital. She had heard that there was hope and a home for even an outcast like her, and her heart was full of loving gratitude toward those who had told her the good news. They went to see her in the hospital, taking her a little gift of fruit. "And did you come here to see *me*?" and did you bring this for *me*? she asked with eager delight. The nurse interposed to say that she must not eat the fruit—she was too ill. "No" she said, "I'll not eat it, but leave it here, and when the doctor comes he'll know that somebody brought this for *me*!"

The reward to the giver of "the cup of cold water" comes with the giving. .

The family increased until it numbered a round dozen, and we began to agitate the matter of something beside a hired house for headquarters for the institution. The building next to the Training School was providentially for sale, and we held conferences long and many, with a view of its purchase. Some excellent real estate men were upon our Board, and they served us now. The price of the property was \$12,000—a very reasonable one; but hardly a penny was “in sight.” Many of our friends, while greatly desiring the property, thought it would be unwise to again go into debt, and therefore discouraged the purchase. Among these, I must confess, was my faithless self; but my husband insisted upon it that we must have the property, and was confident that the Lord would give it to us. And sure enough he did. To the surprise of every one, even her own children, our dear and honored friend, Mrs. A. M. Smith, of Oak Park, made us another donation of \$5,000—A gift which just at that time decided us in the purchase of the property. I very well remember the joyful excitement which the news of the final ratification of the bargain brought to our workers, in both School and Home. Just before, at the Tuesday evening prayer meeting. March the 6th, Mr. Meyer talked to us specially about the matter. He told us how, a year and a half before, he had watched the School building go

up, brick by brick, and thought that if it ever was finished he should be perfectly content. "But now," he added, "it seems to me I never wanted anything so much in my life as I want this lot." Whereupon we all laughed; but we prayed, too. The very next day the answer came. Mr. Meyer was "down town" all day, coming home at night with a wonderful story of providential meetings with committee men, and real estate men, and the final statement that the property was really purchased. I could not help whispering the good news to one or two, but very few knew it until it was announced at the tea table. The young ladies broke into a spontaneous hand-clapping, almost the first time that such an expression had occurred in our midst. It was their modern way of saying Amen; but they said it in the old fashion way a little later at the praise service with which we closed our meal.

But the purchase of this property, though very desirable, did not help our immediate necessity for more room, as it had been sold under lease, and we could not obtain possession of it for a year. We therefore planned to utilize our newly acquired back-yard, by building upon it an L, to communicate with the rear end of the long Training School building. Permission was obtained from the lessee, and in June we began the building which was erected without accident or delay and was ready for

occupancy by the time school began—the middle of September. This furnished us with twelve good rooms, besides a much quieter class-room than the one in the Training School building, and a laundry—both, very much needed.

The Rock River Conference, in which Chicago is situated, had passed most hearty resolutions of confidence and sympathy at their session in the Fall of 1887, when the Home had been in existence only three months. These resolutions were pleasant and profitable to us, and aided us in securing the confidence of the people.

As the time for the General Conference approached, a good deal of consultation and thought was given on the part of our Board, to the matter of presenting to it a Memorial in reference to both the School and the Home. Such a Memorial was finally carefully prepared by a Special Committee, of which Mr. W. E. Blackstone was chairman. It was presented, first, to the Chicago Preachers' Meeting, and was warmly endorsed by that body. This was equivalent to its endorsement by the Rock River Conference. The paper was then put into the hands of our Conference delegates, and duly presented to the General Conference in May, 1888. An interesting coincidence was the presentation of a memorial from the far away Bengal Conference in India, asking that the office of Deaconess be recog-

nized, especially in reference to the serious difficulty that the Missionaries in India meet—the need of the administration of the Sacraments among the women secluded in the Zenanas.*

The action of the General Conference is well known. They made general provisions for the Order, leaving details to be worked out in actual experience. This endorsement was, of course, a great help to us. It gave us a recognized position in the whole United States; such as the hearty resolutions in our favor, passed months before in the Rock River Conference, had given us in the West. It was not many months before information came to us from several cities, that Deaconess Homes were there being founded. The movement had rapidly developed into a national one.

* See page 46.

CHAPTER X.

THE PERIPATETIC CONTRIBUTION BOX.

In the summer of 1888, we had upon us the expense of building an addition to the Training School house, and the balance of debt on the original properties—in all sixteen thousand dollars. The money not coming in rapidly, we began to be a good deal distressed for money to meet the flood of bills which came pouring in upon us. We had recourse to our usual resort—prayer. Mail after mail came in, and we opened the letters with the delightful feeling that each one might contain a check for a thousand dollars; but the feeling grew to have a flavor of sickening anxiety as the thousand dollar checks did not come, while the thousand dollar bills were prompt and regular. What were we to do next? We began to suspect the Lord would have us do some working along with our praying, and just at that time a young lady in the city sent word that she had read of a wonderful plan of circulating letters by means of which large sums could be secured in a short time, and that she was going to start a chain of such letters for our benefit. Almost the same day brought me a form of chain

letter, soliciting money for some other object, sent by an interested friend in the east, who strongly urged me to try the plan for the Deaconess Home Building. The plan was new to me, but I did a great amount of figuring on the back of my envelopes, and the result was, I drew up a form that I thought would answer to send out. Realizing, however, the importance of sending out a letter that would be copied hundreds and thousands of times, I took the form to the dining room and submitted it to the family assembled there. To my surprise, no one was favorably impressed with the plan. They had not my source of inspiration in the envelope-backs, covered with figures. Seeing that I was determined in my purpose, however, they gave me their best suggestions and criticisms, and the result was a remodeled letter, which was again submitted the next day. This was repeated for several days, and at last the family agreed on a letter which we fondly imagined above criticism. The letter briefly explained our work and need, and suggested that if each one receiving the letter would send us a dime and make three copies of the letter asking three friends to do the same thing, it would build the house we so much needed.

My next step was to visit the printer, for I knew I could never make as many copies as I intended to send; and by the aid of two fonts of type-writer type,

differing a little, but mixed in the letter, and several innocent looking mistakes, I succeeded in securing a printed letter which looked enough like type-writing to deceive the very elect. Indeed this was the class I intended to deceive. Dating and signing these letters, I sent out about fifteen hundred. I sent from the *Message* list, and to my personal friends, trying to avoid the people I knew to be specially busy. It was several days before I received any response to the letters, but at last they began to come in. My delight in them was almost childish. I insisted upon opening every one myself, and when an occasional criticism upon the plan was received, it sank into my heart like lead. The great majority of returns, however, were most gratifying, and many of them contained a much larger sum than that asked for—one, two hundred times the dime. I found a convenient mustard plaster box, and enthusiastically informed my husband that I hoped actually to live to see that box filled with dimes from the ten-cent letters! Mr. Meyer had not been enthusiastic over the plan at first, but “nothing succeeds like success,” and as it succeeded, not only he, but all our friends became very much interested in it. The letters came in such numbers that the services of two volunteer office assistants were necessary some days to properly open and care for them. My mustard box has been filled with dimes

many a single day, and the fund has brought us over \$6,000—a very great help and encouragement.

The plan was not entirely without drawbacks however, perhaps the most serious of which was that so many people received duplicates. Another objection that was weighty in the minds of many, was the fact that so much postage was necessary in carrying it on. Our sufficient answer to our own conscience was in the incidental value of the letters in advertising the work, as well as in the many larger sums which it brought to us. Any business firm would feel itself justified in a similar expense to secure the efficient advertising in all parts of the country that these circular letters have given us. By the time a lady has written three letters about the Deaconess work, explaining it with some detail, she has it well in memory. A greater thing than money, however, has been the offering of consecrated lives; for with the returns in money there have come many inquiries in reference to persons entering the work. The Home has a well informed and deeply interested constituency of literally tens of thousands of persons, the direct result of these letters. The machinery necessary in securing this result has of course been somewhat costly, but it has certainly paid for itself. Extracts from some letters received may be of interest. We quote from *The Message*, both letters and the replies we made at the time:

These dime letters have been an interesting study of human nature. Most of the responses have contained a hearty "God-speed," but not all. We have blushed sometimes under just and kind criticism, and shivered as the unkind words have sent floods of ice-water down our mental spinal column. One lady says:

"Hoping the chain will remain unbroken and thanking you for giving me a chance to do my mite"—

We have had *many* responses like this, and our hearts beat quicker and our hopes and courage rise for such loving sympathy.

"To tell the plain truth, I am *exasperated* with this plan. I am a very busy woman, and this is the third benevolence I have been asked to help in this way."

We are *so* sorry! So sorry that we are almost speechless. Only, the "No. 1's" that went from this office were sent scrupulously to the *not* very busy people—not to minister's wives and conference secretaries and such folks—and we are grieved that these much enduring women have had to suffer by our plan. Won't they please just try to make the letters a means of grace to them—like Job's boils and Paul's thorn—if they can do no more

"The money is a small thing, but there are so many small calls, and we are afraid it will be spent for red tape, or to pay some unnecessary official. The work is a grand one, and I should like to help it."

But she didn't—even by ten cents!

We had the satisfaction of telling her, however, that no official, necessary or unnecessary, was ever

paid by ten-cent letters, or in any other way. Our directors, teachers, Deaconesses, *all*, work absolutely without salary.

"I cannot conceive how any woman could enter into a fraudulent scheme with the motto, 'For Jesus Sake,' but—"

Thank God, we cannot conceive it, either.

Very different are the three heart-cheering extracts below:

"I took your letter and went from house to house, spending one day. I just read your letter, did not ask for money, and the result was \$5.10. They said it was so little, they could give it."

"I am delighted to be able to form one link of this beautiful chain of loving sisters. Inclosed find a dollar to make my part good and strong."

"I am glad to be counted worthy to be asked to help this cause. God has given my soul a rich blessing, as I have done this little thing 'for Jesus' sake.'"

We are glad for a chance to explain to a really perplexed sister who says:

"I filled the first letter, as requested, and also managed to struggle through a second that was sent me, though you know how busy I am. But what *shall* I do with this third?"

Do? Balance it for a moment, with as much consideration as you can, over the waste-basket. breathe a little prayer for us—maybe it was for this that the unpleasant reminder was allowed to come to you—and then *drop it in*.

"I cannot do as you ordered—".

Did we "order?" If you read it so, the written page gives the lie to our intention!

"I have figured up, and you must already have an abundance of money for the house. So I won't send any."

No, we haven't. The dime letters have been coming in for some months, and we have not yet from them one-half of what the new property has actually cost.

"I am thankful that I am permitted to send this ten cents. If any of my friends, aside from the above named, become interested in your plan and wish to send their dimes, how shall I proceed?"

Let them send them, by all means.

"Find enclosed ten cents for my chain letter. I have taken the liberty of making my circle thirty, instead of three. I could have more, if I only had time to copy them."

That is the kind of "liberty" we rather enjoy having people take with us.

"I have written the letters, and enclosed I send the dime. I am seventy-seven years old."

God bless the dear mother-soul. And God bless every one who helps.

But the "Dime Letters" are bearing richer fruits than dimes. Witness the following—one out of many:

"Will you tell more about the work to one who may become a Deaconess? Are there enough now in your Home?"

No we *never* have enough workers. We cannot supply the demand for nurses in the homes of the sick poor. And there are scores of single blocks in this city that might well take the whole time of a city missionary.

"I have been many times impressed since my conversion that I ought to engage in some definite work for Christ. When do you receive applications for admission?"

We are very grateful for such responses as these to the Dime Letters. May be some of our irate friends will balance them up against the extra postage stamps they are bewailing so vigorously.

But enough. May God forgive, and will our friends overlook, the unintentional trouble our letters may have caused; and God be praised and the friends remembered in grateful prayer for all the help they have brought in our sore need.

Some very pathetic instances have occurred. One letter was returned to us with a note added by the hand of a friend saying, "This was the last work our dear sister ever did. She died very suddenly just after finishing the letters." Another wrote, "Your letter was received while my only son lay dead in the house. This will explain the delay in the answer. I am glad to do this for Jesus' sake, even in the midst of my affliction."

Many invalids' rooms were visited by the letters. Many of them responded if not with exactly what we asked, yet with their best gifts, gifts of prayer, or in some instances of money, or in others of friendly talk, which interested others in the work, and did more than the letters asked.

The criticism which, above all others, we most

keenly felt, was that of a dear sister who characterized the dime letters as one of the questionable methods resorted to by worldly christians to raise money. The suggestion was an absolutely new one to us, as we had never for one moment connected it with grab-bags, and church lotteries. The letters had been held up to God for his blessing for days before they were started, and that they could be offensive to the most tender conscience had never entered our minds. Another objector, this time a great and wise man, pronounced the scheme "not immoral," but at the same time so decidedly "dark" that in his opinion every reputable enterprise having anything to do with it had better stop the letters at once. This criticism was also a great surprise to us. Whatever these letters might be, it certainly seemed to us they were not "dark," and as to stopping them, the thing was an absolute impossibility, even if we had wished to do so. Never was such an illustration of influence once gone out, never to be retaken, as these letters of ours. If every paper in the United States had been helping us call them in, we could not have stopped them, for they had gone on lines of personal friendship to the most remote corners, places where even newspapers are never read. So, though it gave us pain to even think that the work of the Home might have a shadow cast upon it in the minds of any by the plan, yet we

thanked God for the good results, and for the multitude of people not only writing us, but actually testifying to be greatly helped themselves by the work of writing and helping.

A very unexpected result of the dime letters was a series of interviews by newspaper reporters. These gentlemen—for all who visited us were very gentlemanly—came to us, usually with the copies of the letter in their hands, sent by correspondents who wished to know about the work. We took great pleasure in giving them the information they desired, and the result was columns of splendid advertising in our city papers. Gifts began to come in at the door, not only of fruit and delicacies, for the sick, but also of money. A gentleman called one evening in great haste, and stated very abruptly that he wished to write a check for the institution that had been described in the *Tribune* of the week before. "Will you not leave me your name? We like to know the names of our friends and patrons," said the lady who admitted him. "I write my name every time I write a check" said the gentleman almost roughly. "But I mean your address," was the embarrassed reply. "No indeed, I do not want any crowing over what I give," was the still more abrupt response. But a second thought seemed to strike him as he was taking a rapid leave, and he thrust his card into the lady's hands, saying more gently, "Well perhaps

it would put the idea of giving into the head of some one else."

Two letters come to hand, one directly following the other, the very day these lines are being written. We cannot resist the temptation to contrast them, by extracts:

"We hesitate to condemn this latest *fad*, but here are the reasons why we must: *1st.* If successful, too much money will be raised"— [Too much money for the herculean task of the redemption of our cities with their millions of lost souls! God hasten the day of such embarrassment!] "*2nd.* It will *not* succeed." [Ah, my friend, but *our* letters *have* succeeded!]

The other letter begins:

"I am fortunate enough to have received two copies of the letter, and take delight in complying with your request and writing the six letters."

There are dime letters *and* dime letters. *Ours* are not open to the objections urged against some, we think; and against ours there is no more opposition than there was at one time against contribution boxes in our churches. Yet these have won their way to the favor of all, and who knows but this, *our* peripatetic contribution box, may yet subdue all its enemies before it!

CHAPTER XI.

THE DO-WITHOUT BAND.

Some time in May, 1888, the idea came to us that if there could only be some organized system of self-denial for Jesus' sake among Christians, the result would be surprising. And with the thought came a great desire that such an organization might be formed to help on the self-denying work of the Deaconesses.

Nothing is more certain than that the rule of the Lord Jesus, "If any man will follow me, let him deny himself," is largely ignored.

"What can I do more" many a Christian says. "There is our Missionary Society, and our Temperance Society, and our regular church work—and one must take time for home duties." But suppose the Master should visit us, should walk through our homes—should notice our manner of living, our dress, our household expenses, our luxuries—and should turn and ask our hearts the question: "Could you not *do without* more for my sake?"

The Rev. Dr. Dix, of New York, once made a startling calculation as to the money that could be saved by Christian ladies, if they would only sacri-

fice one button of their gloves. We had no disposition to enter into details quite to this extent, but we did earnestly desire to suggest to people the possibilities of Christian benevolence along this line. How easily a Deaconess Home family of a hundred could be supported if a very small part of the Christian women of the land would systematically economize even a very little? And what a blessing it would be to the economizers! How hard it is for us to believe—yet how true it is—what Jesus said about the givers getting a greater blessing than the receivers.

The germ of the plan once being conceived, it was, as usual, discussed through our home, and suggestions came in from all sources. The final result was the organization of the "Do-without Band."

The Band, it was decided, should have no membership fee; and any one, informally taking the simple pledge: "I will look about for opportunities to do without for Jesus sake," should be a member. A single, isolated person might be a member, though each person would naturally interest others. In case there was but one member, there would be no officers, or rather all the officers would be concentrated in one; but for help in Sunday-school classes, etc., a simple form of constitution was given.* The

*This form of Constitution, with leaflets and full information, will be sent upon application to the National Secretary, MRS. CHRISTINE B. DICKINSON, 114 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Motto chosen was that which has since been adopted as the general motto of the Deaconesses themselves: "*For Jesus' Sake.*" After days of experimenting, interviewing artists for design, and workmen for a price that we could feel justified in assuming, we decided upon the monogram of the motto: "F. J. S." for our badge.

The plan being thus matured, we published it in our convenient little "organ," *The Message*. The result far exceeded our hopes. The badges were immediately called for in large numbers, the very first being desired by the members of the school and home. Mr. Meyer and myself joined the Band of course, and within a few days we found an opportunity for self-denial. That immense luxury, a five-cent glass of soda water, was given up for the benefit of the fund. But a practical difficulty now arose; how to remember to properly dispose of the money saved. Those two wicked five-cent pieces continued to repose in peace at the bottom of my purse, and only by a real effort of memory were they finally applied to the Cause. But if we, living right at the center of things, had this difficulty, how much more must it trouble others? The result was the evolution of the "Handy Envelope," a mite-box in envelope shape, with an eyelet through the upper part for its convenient hanging on a nail, and just below, an inviting slit for coins

or carefully folded bills. These envelopes were distributed without cost to anyone who would take them. They were like this, only a little larger:

"IF ANY MAN LET HIM	O	WILL FOLLOW ME, DENY HIMSELF."
HANDY ENVELOPE FOR		
(SLIT FOR MONEY.)		
"Do Without" Money,		
<hr/> TO BE USED FOR THE DEACONESS WORK IN CHICAGO. Office, 114 Dearborn Avenue, Chicago.		
<hr/> I will look about— In my purchases, In my home affairs, In my amusements, In my luxuries — For opportunities to "Do Without" For Jesus' Sake.		
<hr/> I WOULD RATHER MY MONEY SHOULD GO TO WIN A SOUL FOR CHRIST, THAN TO PURCHASE A PAS- SING PLEASURE FOR MYSELF		

It was not long before the returns began to come, in letters, many of which gave incidents concerning the *doing without* of the members. Some of these

incidents were most interesting. One little girl returned her envelope with the penciled note, "I have asked God every day for two months, to show me what to do without. I found nothing but this, but God made this very plain." The envelope contained only a single five-cent piece. The child evidently had very little money, but when we remembered that every day for two months she had prayed about the matter, the dull coin gathered brightest luster. We are sure it was as most precious gold, in God's sight. One of our own students out in the field sent for a badge at once, writing: "I have decided to do without a new hat, and take a badge instead. Please find five dollars." This dear girl did not have much money; she had largely worked her way through the school by extra hours of housework. A lady wrote: "I find that a five dollar gold piece slips into my 'Do-without Envelope' beautifully, and a picture I had planned to frame has a brighter halo around it than any frame could give." Another lady in far off Dakota, after months of self-denial sent a whole dollar, writing: "Ten cents of it is from my little boy—his whole allowance for fire-crackers last Fourth of July." A lady in Iowa wrote how her dying sister requested that no money be spent for mourning veils for her, saying, "It is not a time to mourn, but to rejoice." So she sent us the five dollars that would otherwise have

gone for a veil. An Indiana lady wrote: "The greatest self-denial I know of is to deny myself the pleasure of giving, but I have found some money for my Do-without Envelope from my precious keep-sakes. You will find in it a silver quarter, that was found in father's pocket after he went to heaven. There is a little three-cent scrip, which he gave me the evening before he was taken ill, with the words: 'Why certainly, Fanny, did I ever refuse you anything that I could give you?' I think this is the most precious thing I can give." Another one of these long cherished keep-sakes, a three dollar gold piece, came with these words: "I have kept this six years for the sake of a loved one. I give it now for Jesus' sake." Another lady sent a ring, a part of her heart came with it. Many rings and precious things have been built into the brick walls of our Home, or transmuted into the finer gold of our work for God.

Many Sunday school teachers interested their classes in the matter, forming them into little bands. One such teacher writes: "My Sunday School class have been doing without for your work. They have denied themselves candy, peanuts, campaign badges, etc. Some could only bring a penny; others more; but all wanted to do something "For Jesus sake."

We received these gifts sometimes with smiles

and sometimes with tears, and sometimes with something very like compunction that we had been the means of what seemed almost too great self-denial; but we remembered that it was "*For Jesus' Sake*," and that he himself had said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and so we comforted ourselves by believing that every one of God's children who have thus denied themselves for Jesus' sake will be rewarded a hundred fold. Miss Thornburn said, about a dear girl who gave up her second summer dress and sent the whole price of it—one dollar and twenty five cents—to the do-without fund: "Such gifts are always rewarded, and rewarded a hundred times over, if not always in the same coin. One hundred summer dresses would be inconvenient, but God will give the fine gold of peace and love to every self denying soul." The Band at present numbers many thousands. The silver cross of the "Kings' Daughters" symbolizes the doing something,—whatever the hand may find to do—for the Master. We trust the time will come when our own lovely badge, "F. J. S."—For Jesus' Sake—will be as widely scattered, for all who are *doing* something for Jesus' sake, might surely *do without* something also, for His dear sake; and what more fitting or more beautiful than that the support of the Deaconesses, who do without so many things that the world counts dear, in giving their whole lives to Christ's

work, should be assumed by a band of Christians who in their own homes do without something, and thus become real Associate Members, having the same precious motto, "For Jesus' Sake," and doing, by their money, the same blessed work as that of these devoted women.

CHAPTER XII.

TO THE PRESENT DAY.

The work of the second summer, 1888, at our Home, was in detail much like that of the first. We again occupied the convenient Training School building while the students were away for vacation. The presence of a number of Nurse Deaconesses, added largely to our efficiency. Our workers were spared one by one, a few days or weeks at a time for a short vacation, often so sorely needed, but there was no general vacation of the workers in a body. We never expect to take such, until our foes, sin and suffering, adopt vacation times also.

With the coming of the Fall, came reinforcements. We moved gratefully into "Smith Annex," the addition erected in the Summer for us. Our family grew until we numbered seventeen. A trained nurse came, volunteering her services in assisting the practical work of our embryo nurses. Regular assistants also came to help Mrs. Dickinson in the office work which had grown far too heavy for one pair of hands, however willing.

It was now high time to give serious attention to the uniform the Deaconesses should wear—a

matter seemingly very trivial, but occupying much time, and causing much thought in its settlement. The Board decided that a uniform would be desirable for many reasons. It would be a distinctive sign; giving its wearers the protection which is so well known to be extended to the Romish Sisters of Charity. Again no other dress could possibly be so economical; both as to money, and that which is worth more than money, time and thought. It would also promote sisterly equality among the workers, and prevent possible pain on the part of those who were poor. Last of all it would be a badge of sisterly union, like the blue coat of the soldier, serving to bind the members of the Order together, however widely they might be scattered. But details were much harder to manage. One thing we were very decided about; it should be Protestant, not Romish in character. There should be no enshrouding veils, and the hair should not be cut, nor covered with white bands. But should the dress be black, or brown, or green, or blue or grey? All these colors were seriously discussed. Committees were appointed, and grave Boards sat on the question. We settled finally on dark grey or black for the dress, with black for out-door garments. Then how should it be made? I called the members of the Home about me, and many were the discussions we held over the matter. We verified the old saying,

that it was exceedingly difficult to please every one. Finally I submitted, as gracefully as possible, to making myself a dummy for the time being, and two dresses at least were made and fitted to me, that I might be looked over and commented upon by the Deaconesses and the family in general. It seems very funny in looking back upon it, but it was exceedingly trying as an actual occurrence. What the Chicago Deaconesses finally decided upon may be gathered from the illustration in the front of this book. It may be modified in the future, but all agree that a common uniform for Deaconesses throughout the whole United States is desirable; and the uniform adopted in Chicago has, probably, the general features of the permanent one. As to the hair, we never had very much discussion over that, but easily agreed upon the two little words, "Hair plain," with the understanding that the phrase meant, dressed with no artificial means. No jewelry was allowed except a collar-pin, owing to the fact that in many sections of the city where the Deaconesses would work, jewelry, even the simplest watch guard, could not be worn with safety. The members of the Home adopted the uniform with good grace, burying their personal feelings if they had any, in what they agreed with us was for the best interest of the work.

The Training School for Nurses was now regularly

organized, the course of theoretical medical instruction given to the students in the Missionary Training School being exactly what we needed in theory, and the practice to be supplied at the bedside of the sick poor in their own homes, and at Wesley Hospital, soon to be established.

The demand for trained nurses to care for the sick poor in their own homes, is very urgent in all our cities. Our hospitals are the glory of our christian civilization, but in thousand of cases it is impossible for the sick to go to the hospitals. The attack may be so sudden that they cannot be moved, or the disease may be contagious, in which case they can rarely be admitted. How does it happen that this department of philanthropic work—caring for the sick poor in their own homes—has been so neglected? The appeals that come to the Chicago Home in this direction are many more than we can possibly respond to. The very afternoon these words are being penned, two cases more than we can well care for have been reported; one, where two women are lying helpless, dangerously sick, with only a child six years old to care for them, and their supplies of food and fuel exhausted, except for a little help obtained from a charitable fund: the other, where two children are sick, the mother dropping from exhaustion, the fire gone out in the stove for lack of fuel, and absolutely nothing to eat in the

house. In the latter case, money has been sent to relieve immediate distress, but we cannot in all cases send the nurses, we do not have them to send. Consecrated money is hard enough to find, but it is harder still to find consecrated flesh and blood, and the next great need before the church in the line of Deaconess' work, is to find this consecrated flesh and blood. We could use a score of strong, earnest Christian women at once. And if the objection arise in the mind of any, "I could not do the work, I am not trained," the reply is: That is just what our Deaconess Nursing School is organized for, to give the training needful for the work. It requires two years to take this training, but the expense of the course is provided for, in case applicants are not able to meet it.

Some of the incidents that occurred about this time, were very touching. We were sending workers to the Jewish Mission, and the Sunday School and the Industrial School increased rapidly in numbers, but the children were often subjected to fierce persecution for their interest in Christianity. They were whipped for attending the Sunday school and learning about "The Apostate," and forbidden even to sing "The Jesus songs," or think about Jesus; the poor blinded mothers explaining to our visitors that Jesus was a bad man, a deceiver, and if they allowed their children to learn about him,

their "blood would be upon their heads"—the old scriptural phrase so strangely perverted!

The Missionary Deaconesses organized prayer and cottage-meetings wherever possible, and in this way endeavored to gather up the fruit of their house to house visitation.

Our Nurse Deaconesses were also greatly blessed in their work. One of them was called out, one Sunday evening, to a friendless and lonely woman, not supposed to be very sick. She cared for the suffering body, and spoke of the heavenly home to the homeless creature. To the surprise of all, the woman died before morning. A few days after, a lady stepped from a carriage at our door, and with tears in her eyes, handed us an envelope containing a considerable sum of money. "It is in partial recognition," she said, "of the service one of your nurses rendered to Mrs.—, who had been my dressmaker for many years. I did not know of her terrible sickness, and but for your help she would have died alone."

Another case was that of a poor woman, deserted by her husband, and with two little children to support. Her disease was typhoid fever. We sent two faithful women, one by night and one by day, but their efforts were in vain, in about a week the poor woman died. Her children were sent to country homes. The only drink this poor woman could

take, some days, was a little sweetened tea. Her sugar was soon all gone, and but for a little carried from our table, she would have been denied even this small luxury. Up to this time we had no fund or other means of supplying these little necessities of our poor and sick, but within a day or two the Lord sent us a hundred and twenty dollars from two business men, for an Emergency Fund. It reminded us of what Jesus said, "Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure shall *men* give into your bosom"—to say nothing of God's rewarding.

The Fall has brought us reinforcements, but now came losses.

A great cry came to us in the summer of 1888, from New Orleans, with its multitude of ignorant colored people, and its still more neglected masses of foreigners; Italians and French. We could not turn a deaf ear to it, so a Branch Home was established in that city, with three of our tried workers who volunteered for the service.* The field before them is very great. The work is something of an experiment as yet, but great interest has developed, both on the part of the Christian people of the city, and of the Deaconesses, and it is certain that it will continue. This Home has thus far been supported from Chicago, bearing to our Home the same relation that the "Affiliated Houses" do to the German

"Mother-House." Miss Thoburn was next called to Cincinnati, to take charge of the Elizabeth Gamble Deaconess Home, established in that city by the munificence of the husband of the sainted woman, whose name it bears. This home now has eight or ten inmates, and under Miss Thoburn's careful leadership, has a good future before it. We were sad to part with our dear ones, but they are *ours* still, only at work in another field. So we bravely sang "Praise God," and bade them God speed.

The Rock River Conference, at their session Sept., 1888, congratulated themselves in dignified Conference fashion, both upon the recognition given Deaconesses by the General Conference, and upon the fact that, "within its bounds a Deaconess' Home had been in existence almost a year before the General Conference action." It then proceeded wisely to appoint the Deaconess "Board of Nine" provided for by the General Conference. This Board held meetings full of work at the Training School building, and decided upon a two year's course of study and practical training; determining that as far as its influence might go, the Order of Deaconesses should not fail in dignity and efficiency for lack of full preparation. "Should not Deaconesses be the counterpart of Deacons in the church?" they very pertinently asked, "and if our men require years of

training and preparation for their work, do not our women require years of study and preparation for theirs, even if there be a difference in that work?" But for fear this course of study might deter any from entering the work for lack of means, they concluded their action with the beneficent resolution:

RESOLVED:

That we most earnestly urge that all applicants for Deaconess' license take the first year's training at the Chicago Training School for Missionaries and Nurses whenever possible.

That the Committee will use its influence, so far as practicable, to secure financial aid for approved candidates who are unable otherwise to take the course at the Training School.

In view of the great importance of securing uniformity of plan and action in the rapidly developing Deaconess' movement, a National Conference was called Dec. 20, 1888, at the Chicago Home. At this Conference, the Homes in New York, Cincinnati, Detroit and Chicago were represented. A form of constitution was accepted, which it was earnestly recommended be adopted in all the Homes, and the two years course of study previously outlined by the Rock River Conference "Board of Deaconesses," was accepted with slight modifications for all the Conferences. The importance of this Conference can hardly be over estimated. The work of the Order would have lost much of its efficiency

without this full organization on a similar plan in all parts of the country. Frequent Conferences will doubtless be held for the better development of the plan.

In anticipation of the action taken by the managers of Wesley Hospital in renting a house for the temporary accommodation of its patients, we admitted three sick women to our building, about the first of January, 1889. We thought the house was full before, but we found a room left temporarily vacant by an outgoing student for the first, the second occupied the room of an accommodating nurse, and the third and last, was at first stored away in a little room under the stairs in the basement, but was later moved to the sewing room. A vacant house near the school building is now rented for the Hospital, and is being fitted up by an energetic Executive Committee for immediate occupancy. Before the printer's ink is dry on these pages, our patients will have been moved to their new home, and Wesley Hospital will have fairly entered upon its beneficial career.

Almost from the first days of the school a hospital had been one of our aspirations. Not to speak of the primary object of the establishment of this Christian hospital—to carry on the gracious work of alleviating physical suffering—it incidentally serves an important end in connection with our Nurses'

Training School. Without it, the practical part of the nurses' training would have been pursued under the greatest difficulties.

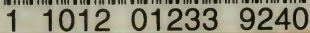
The first money contribution ever made toward the Deaconess Home building, was a small sum handed Mr. Meyer in the spring of 1887, by a lady who afterwards became a faithful and valuable member of the Home. The whole subject of Deaconess work was at that time in a very nebulous condition, but Mr. Meyer kept the money sacredly until there was a building toward which it could be applied. So the first money contribution toward Wesley Hospital, came in a letter from a distant friend in the spring of 1888 to the same keeper, who received this gift, also, in faith that the time would come when it could be applied to the purpose designated.

The School, Home, and Hospital, are all managed by separate and independent legal bodies, but many of the same persons are found in each, and the three institutions are joined by strong bonds of necessity and affinity. Some plants propagate from the root. Vigorous shoots appear above ground, seemingly quite separate, but a closer examination reveals a hidden connection. So, the three institutions, School, Home and Hospital have a common root.

What the future of the work so providential in its origin shall be, is only known to the One who is

the "Finisher" as well as the "Arthur" of our faith. The little tree has already developed in some directions little thought of by those who have watched and tended its growth. Just what the next branch may be, or when it may shoot forth, we are not careful to know. Our only concern is that by no fault of ours its nourishment be cut off, or the ground around it be not properly tilled. The Gardener who watches tenderly over his tens of millions of real trees, growing in His mountain and forest gardens, "opening His hand and satisfying them all with good" as they need, can be trusted to care for this, His little tree in another garden. Man's enterprises sometimes fail but "the trees of the Lord are full of sap."





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